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THE WORD MADE FLESH.

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REASON or intelligence utters itself in speech. The word becomes the medium of expression between one intelligent being and another. But as, by a natural law of association, we speak of the cup when we mean that which is contained in it, so the Logos, which primarily meant the word or outward form by which the inward thought is expressed, came to mean, also, the inward thought or reason itself. God, in his absolute and eternal essence or being, lies beyond the reach of our human intelligence. No man can see God and live; that is, no mortal man can see and know him as he is in the silent and absolute depths of his being. But God puts forth his reason, the Logos, and by it creating worlds, reveals himself to his intelligent creatures. Glimpses of this doctrine of the Logos as an agent in the creation of the world appear, it is thought, in the ancient Jewish Scriptures. "And God *said*, Let there be light; and there was light." "For he *spake*, and it was done." "By the *word* of the Lord were the heavens made." The same idea is supposed to be expressed in Proverbs viii. 22, 31, where Wisdom is used instead of the Word.

In the Old Testament, however, the Logos or Wisdom is used only as a personification of the act or thought by which

God puts forth his creative power and reveals himself. In the wisdom of Solomon, the same expression runs through a longer description with, perhaps, greater vividness. Still, it is only a figure of speech, a strong personification of a divine attribute.

But, at last, about the time of the advent of Christ, the Logos had come to be regarded as a separate and personal being, an emanation from the absolute and eternal God, acting as his agent in the creation, and as a mediator between him and his intelligent creatures. Germs of this doctrine, it has been thought, are to be found in the writings of Plato, who lived nearly four centuries before our Christian era. But his speculations on the subject are very obscure, and it required the ingenuity of mystical writers who had been trained in a very different school from his to find in him any distinct traces of a personal Logos.

In Alexandria, a city founded in Egypt three hundred and thirty years before Christ, the Greek mind, with its wonderful subtlety of thought and speech, was brought into contact with the Oriental mind. Before the end of the first century of Christianity, one half of the inhabitants of Alexandria were Jews. Many of these Jews must have become thoroughly acquainted with the Greek philosophy, which they could hardly be without being profoundly impressed by it. Their whole mental training and their way of looking at theological subjects must have been seriously affected by its methods and its doctrines. We see decisive marks of this influence in the writings of Philo Judæus, a learned Jew, born about twenty years before Jesus, and residing, for the most part, in Alexandria. With him, the Logos is no longer a personification of wisdom or reason, but an actual person. He regards it, however, not as the supreme God, but as a second or inferior deity. In commenting on the passage, Gen. ix. 6, "for in the image of God made he man," he says, "It was not possible that anything mortal should be framed after the image of the Most High, the Father of the universe; it could only be formed in the image of the second God, who is his Logos. But he who is superior to the Word holds his rank

in a better and most singular pre-eminence, and how could the creature possibly exhibit a likeness of him in himself?"

We are not to suppose that speculations of this character were confined to a single writer. The old beliefs of the world were dying out. The old formulas, whether of religion or philosophy, were losing their influence and undergoing important modifications. New ideas were eagerly sought after. In the dissolution of the old civilization with the sentiments which had been its life, there was an awakening of the human mind, a vague expectation of some mighty change, such as usually precedes and hastens on the inauguration of one of those momentous periods which revolutionize the central ideas and habits of the world. Especially must this have been the case in all the great centres of intelligence, where the most enterprising and intelligent men of the East and the West were brought into active personal relations. The sharply-defined monotheism of the Jews, the profound mysticism of Eastern Asia, the wonderfully-ingenuous and subtle philosophy of Greece, there met face to face, acting and reacting, till they had, in some important particulars, seriously modified each other's ideas. To the Jews these were vital questions, and must have excited among them anxious and general concern. There was a brisk commercial intercourse between Alexandria and Asia Minor. Ephesus, where St. John resided during the latter portion of his life, was a great commercial centre, where men came together from distant places, acting as an intellectual stimulus to one another. Christianity itself had given a powerful impulse to the human intellect wherever it came. The very state of mind which led men to examine its claims created a new interest in other religious views, and led the way to all sorts of speculations on religious topics. The writings of Paul everywhere indicate an unsettled and excited state of mind in regard to these matters. The enterprise which carried Christianity through the whole civilized world in less than a century, and which caused its disciples to be numbered by millions before St. John had ceased from his labors, indicates something of the eagerness with which religious discussions and speculations were entered into.

New views, therefore, on a subject vitally affecting the character of the new religion would spread rapidly and awaken a general interest, especially in Asia Minor. Philo Judæus probably wrote from thirty to fifty years before the Gospel of John was written. The Jews and the more enlightened among the Christians at Ephesus would have an opportunity to become acquainted with Philo's views before the publication of the Fourth Gospel. The doctrine of the Logos especially, affecting, as it did, the fundamental doctrine of the Jewish faith, must have excited a strong and earnest feeling.

Here, then, in the time of the apostles and among the Jews, we find a doctrine of the Logos. The earliest Christian writings that we have from a period subsequent to the apostolic age have this same doctrine in a further stage of its development. The recently-discovered work, which Bunsen supposes to have been written by Hippolytus, Bishop of the Port of Rome, quotes, from writings belonging to the first half of the second century, passages which show how firmly the doctrine of the Logos had taken hold of the Christian mind, and how seriously it entered as an important element into the controversies which had sprung up in the Church even at that early period. The same inference is forced upon us by the writings of Justin Martyr, who died A. D. 167.

These facts are enough to show that a doctrine of the Logos, growing, probably, in the first instance out of the attempt to adapt the Jewish theology to the philosophy of Greece, and, encouraged by the Greek culture which then entered so largely into the education of the civilized world, prevailed extensively, and must have been eagerly discussed by leading minds in the churches of Asia Minor, for at least a quarter of a century before the death of St. John. It claimed for itself a place in the Jewish dispensation, and under the sanction which it assumed for itself from that ancient and honored revelation, with all the boldness and subtlety of the philosophy in which it had its birth, it forced its way into the speculations of ingenious minds, and threatened seriously to impair the simplicity of the gospel of Christ. A subordinate

being in the similitude of God, not the eternal Father who alone is God, but a second and inferior deity, sent forth by the supreme God, as an emanation from himself, creating worlds, and, as the Word, revealing the mind and the will of God;—here was a doctrine of the Logos, which, probably, met the aged apostle in his daily intercourse with the more cultivated and intelligent members of the churches which were under his charge.

With some such view as this uppermost in his mind, he struck the key-note in the proem to his Gospel. Men's minds were distracted by discussions and speculations about the Logos. The thought of the writer seems to be this: You are perplexing yourselves with your speculations about the Logos, this second deity, an emanation from God, living and acting apart from him. But there is no such distinction of persons. The Logos does, indeed, exist, but its existence had no beginning. For in the beginning was the Logos. It was no emanation from God, for the Logos was with God. It had no distinct, personal existence, for the Logos was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were created through him, and without him was nothing made which was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

The emphasis of the passage rests upon the fact that the Logos is no separate person, no inferior God, limited in duration or extent of being, but, as the supreme Intelligence or Reason, the Logos was in the beginning with God and was God, by whom all things, without a single exception, were created, and in whom was the life which is the light of men. And the light, which is in the Word or the supreme Intelligence, is shining in the darkness, and the darkness did not take it in. There was a man sent from God, named John; he came to testify respecting the light, that through him all might believe. He was not the light, but came to testify respecting the light. The true light which lighteth every man was coming into the world. He [the Word] was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world did not know him. He came to the things which were his own, and they who were his own did not

accept him. But to as many as received him, he gave authority to be children of God, — to those who had faith in him, they being born not of any peculiar race, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but born of God. And the Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us, full of grace and truth, and we saw his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from a Father. . . . From his fulness we all received, and grace for grace; that is, continually new accessions of grace.

The Word was made flesh. No thinking man understands this literally so as to believe that the divine Intelligence, which is God, was actually converted into flesh. But the Word, the divine Reason, which is God, entered into a human being, and dwelt there as in a tabernacle among men. Hitherto the writer has been speaking of the Word, as the supreme Intelligence, creating all things, the life and light of men. But at this point the personality of the Word is veiled in that of the Mediator in whom he dwells, and through whom he is to reveal himself in the fulness of his divine grace and truth. "And we beheld his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father." At this moment the point of view is changed; Christ is the image foremost in the mind of the writer, who speaks of beholding the glory of the Word, as it appeared in Christ, referring, probably, to the scene when Peter and James and John "were with him in the holy mount" (2 Peter i. 18), and, for once, "saw his glory" (Luke ix. 32), when the Word, in which is life and the light of men, transfused its radiance through his earthly form, and "his face did shine as the sun and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. xvii. 2), and from above was heard a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." Well might he who had witnessed these out-gleamings from the divine light within, speak of beholding the glory of the Word, and viewing it there in the person of Christ, well might he call it "a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father."

Here, as seen from its heavenly side, is the Incarnation, the great doctrine of the New Testament. The divine Rea-

son, the Logos which was with God in the beginning, and which is God, dwells in the flesh as in a tabernacle among men, and full of grace and truth so manifests himself to the world in Christ that all who have faith in Christ receive of his fulness, and as they live in him, find themselves enriched with continually-renewed accessions of grace. To Jesus, by the indwelling presence of the divine Reason, the Word, uttering itself to him and through him, is given the Spirit without measure. "In him dwelleth all the *fulness* of the Divinity bodily, and ye are *filled* in him who is the head of all rule and authority." For "God was in Christ," — not God was Christ, but "God was in Christ,—reconciling the world unto himself." This view of the Logos gives the key-note to the expressions in the Fourth Gospel, which ascribe such dignity and power to Christ. "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed." "I am the bread of life." "And I have given them the glory which thou hast given me; that they may be one even as we are one; I in them and thou in me." Here is the view of Christ which runs through the Fourth Gospel. In him is God manifesting himself. "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." In him is the Logos, the divine Reason or Intelligence, which is God, uttering or revealing himself. It is nowhere asserted that he is the Logos. But "the Logos was made flesh, and was tabernacled among us, full of grace and truth, and we saw [in Jesus] his glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father. John bare witness of him." "And of his fulness have all we received." Does this language necessarily imply that the personality of the Word is the same as the personality of Christ, or, taking the passage in its relation to what is taught elsewhere in the New Testament, are the conditions of the language, which nowhere asserts the identity of the two *persons*, best fulfilled by regarding the Word as dwelling in him, God *in* Christ, and through him, as the great Mediator, carrying out his own great work of grace and reconciliation?

What does the New Testament teach respecting the per-

sonality of Christ? Was he God himself, or a human Mediator through whom God revealed himself? Was he the supreme Intelligence, or was he a man, so entirely subordinating himself to the indwelling Word, his faculties so filled and quickened and moved by it, that his thought was God's thought, his word God's word, and the divine grace and truth were flowing out through him, from his fulness, a quickening and increasing power of life and light to those who had faith in him?

Jesus, though "conceived of the Holy Spirit," was born as a little child. Extraordinary manifestations from heaven attended his birth. "Mary pondered these things in her heart." She and her husband evidently had for him the care and anxieties which other parents have for their children. Like other children, he was subject to his parents. Like other children, he increased *in wisdom, and in favor with God* and men, which could not have been, if he had been himself the Logos, which was in the beginning with God, and which was God. No particulars of his early youth have come down to us beyond the single incident of his interview with the learned men in the temple when he was twelve years old. In this account, we find that he had already come to the consciousness of a peculiar relationship to God. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This question, like a sudden flash of light, reveals to us a profound religious experience. But we are not told how his consciousness of God's presence grew upon him, or how, as he increased in wisdom and in favor with God, he received the Word more entirely into all the springs of life and thought within him, till all his faculties were filled with the divine life, and moved spontaneously in harmony with the divine mind, and the life he lived was the life of God, and the words he spoke were the Logos, or divine Reason, uttering itself through him. We see not how these results were reached. But intimations of progress and attainment are given. He who came not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him, entirely subordinated his own will to the will of God. But what can more distinctly prove his separate personality, if not his humanity,

than the fact that he did thus subordinate his own will to the will of God? Nor was this great end attained without time and effort. There could have been no such effort possible even for a moment, if he had himself been the Word which is God. Yet we see him struggling, always successfully, but still struggling, to bring himself into harmony with the divine will. In the Wilderness, at Gethsemane, and perhaps for a moment amid the pangs of the Crucifixion, are signs of at least a momentary jar, and of a struggle to bring himself back into harmony with the spirit and the will of God. Through these momentary efforts, his human personality distinctly and surely reveals itself. But, so far as we can see, with these rare and affecting exceptions, he so lived in the bosom of the Father, he in God and God in him, that no discordant wish or thought came in to separate him from God, and he could say in spirit and in truth, "I and my Father are one."

Thus the Word was made flesh,—had come into full and entire possession of the mind, the will, and the body of Christ. His human faculties, body and soul, had voluntarily submitted themselves entirely to the indwelling Word which is God, till all separate personal wishes had ceased, and he identified himself with God as the informing presence by which his whole being was guided and made alive. Whatever he did, it was with the consciousness that God was acting by him. When he spoke, it was with the consciousness that God was speaking through him. "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth within me, he doeth the works." "If I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone; but I and the Father that sent me." "That ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him." And this indwelling presence makes itself felt in him. It enables him to do "works which none other man did." The love and the majesty of God show themselves through him. When he weeps over Jerusalem, it is the tenderness of God's protecting love and the calm, but reluctant severity of his judgments, mingling themselves with the sense of justice and the human compas-

sion of Jesus, that give such majesty and sweetness to his words. In his stern but sorrowful denunciations of the wicked, — looking on them in anger, being grieved because of their hardness of heart, — we feel, as he did, that the judgments of God are uttering themselves through him. And when he asks us, weary and heavy-laden, to come to him and he will give us rest, we feel that, when in meekness and lowliness of heart we come to him, the infinite love and mercy of God are flowing out through him, so that we receive of his fulness, and are refreshed by continually-renewed accessions of grace. He speaks to us from a human personality. He was a man of sorrows. He calls himself the Son of man oftener than by any other name. Yet his human faculties are taken up into the divine, and made at one with them. His human personality is filled out, illuminated, till it becomes radiant, majestic, divine, through the Word which dwells in him as in a tabernacle among men, and the Son of man becomes also the Son of God.

How beautifully do these views, taken from the Gospels, harmonize with what we find in the Apocalypse, where, in prophetic vision, the same divinely human personality is projected into other worlds! "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me." The infinite patience of God speaks to us here. Others would knock and pass on; but there he stands, knocking at your heart and mine, till, as represented in the Pre-Raphaelite picture, it would almost seem as if his youthful features had grown old. So, in the same passage, when he adds, "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit down with me in my throne," he reveals to us the indwelling majesty of God's presence, — only, however, that he may immediately afterwards associate himself with us as our brother in our trials and conflicts, — "even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

There is something inexpressibly affecting in this view of our Saviour as the Son of man, showing his sympathy with us in our weaknesses and sorrows, and revealing, also, the ca-

pabilities of our human nature, its possible refinement, elevation, and enlargement, when, by the inflowing of a divine life, it becomes itself divine. The humanity of Christ, that humanity taken up into the divine nature and made one with it, is what gives him his peculiar power over us as the Son of God. "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. ii. 5. All the creeds of the churches agree in assigning to him a human nature. Whatever else he may have been, they all agree in this, that he was a man. He was born of a woman, a real child of flesh and blood, craving, as we have no reason to doubt, the caresses and endearments of a mother, — a real child, in mind as well as in body, growing, not in stature alone and in favor with man, but in wisdom and in favor with God. There was the growth not only of a human body, but of a human soul.

"How, then," it may be asked, "was the Word made flesh?" This is a question that can be answered minutely on no possible theory of the Incarnation. How a plant is produced, how an egg becomes a living bird, how a human being — body and soul, yet one being — is born, are questions which no man can answer. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." How the higher spiritual life is brought into our souls with its quickening influences, is a question involving considerations which lie beyond the reach of our knowledge. In like manner, we cannot tell *how* "the Word was made flesh" and dwelt in Jesus as in a tabernacle, so that they who were brought into the closest relations with him beheld in him its glory, — a glory as of an only begotten Son from his Father. The reality of the fact does not depend on our ability to explain *how* it became a fact.

According to the New Testament account, Jesus was really a man. He grew up, in mind as well as body, from childhood to manhood. He was tempted — really tried by temptation — as we are. He was wearied with his labors as we are. And he overcame trial and temptation, as he would have us overcome them, by actually struggling and praying against them. There is nothing spectral or unreal about him in his relation

to our humanity. The agony of Gethsemane was a real and terrible wrestling with his human faculties, to bring them into harmony with the will of God. He ate and drank, because he was hungry and thirsty. He rejoiced with a real human gladness, and was bowed down in sorrow by a real human grief. Like those who are now his disciples on earth, "he learned obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation to all that obey him." "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . . and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Because he was thus a man, subject to our human infirmities, and yet obedient unto death; because he suffered and wept and prayed and struggled, and thus overcame, therefore it is that God hath exalted him to be a Prince and a Saviour. By the perfect subjection of himself to the will of God, he became one with God. By his perfect obedience, the Word was made flesh, and dwelt in him full of grace and truth. Therefore it is that in him, as in no other man, we recognize the presence, the love, and the truth of God. When we are brought into sympathy and union with him, we are brought into communion with God, and understand the words in which he identifies himself with God. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." As when in Bethany the alabaster box was opened the house was filled with the odor of the ointment, so, when the mind of Jesus is opened to us, the Spirit of God diffuses itself around us, and we are enfolded in the presence and the atmosphere of his love.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

FAR abroad, o'er hill and plain,
Shine the snow-drifts pure and white ;
Faintly, through the misty pane,
Gleams the rising sun's pale light.

Gazing through that wintry screen,
Strange the view that meets the eye ;
Tints of crimson, violet, green,
Those pure snow-drifts seem to dye.

But ere long the brightening ray,
With a clear, revealing glow,
Melts that frosty veil away ;
Spotless shows the sky-born snow.

Thus it is with us who view,
Through a sense-beclouded eye,
Those white paths of stainless hue,
Where God's passing footprints lie.

Fancy, doubt, and fear, perchance,
Strangely tint those spotless ways,
As, with feeble mortal glance,
Darkly through a glass we gaze.

But when full, eternal light
Drives these earthly mists away,
We shall see their heavenly white
Shining in celestial day.

L. E. S.

READERS OF THE BIBLE.

THERE are not only two classes of biblical critics, but, also, two classes of readers. One class finds in the Bible only such meaning as is contained in other moral and religious books. Another class finds meaning so deep as to suggest divine sources of its truth and divine inspiration for its writers. One can easily empty its language of all mysterious and miraculous import. The other, while reading its plain letter, sees it filling up with ever new and fresh and greater significance, as if some hidden spirit poured through it a current of supernatural wisdom and life. The readers of this latter class see new truth forever breaking out of the old words, and the Bible is always becoming a vital power, a reality not of the past, but of the present, a strong influence in every day's activity, a voice of the holy, eternal Spirit, gathering volume and force as it speaks to successive generations and through all the ages.

We belong to this latter class of readers and believers. To us the Bible grows as we read it. We are always drawing new vitality and strength from its promises. Its words seem like fountains of living water springing up into everlasting life. The beatitudes turn to immediate joys. The Comforter given first to the disciples in their sorrow is given still to every sorrowing heart. There is no explanation of such spiritual phenomena except what Jesus himself gives, that his "words are spirit and they are life." Deny them we cannot, because they fall within our own practical experience. The Bible is more than letter, and contains more than literal meaning. How else is it that we read and reread the same passages, and find, with every new perusal, new and grander truth? Who can ponder and muse over any other sermon as he can over that which Jesus uttered on the Mount? Where is there such an epitome of human experience of sinning and repenting as we find in David's Psalms? Where else can we turn to find our own varying conditions and moods so fitly and fully portrayed? What

other penitential and devotional writing will bear so much, so frequent reading? What criticism has passed on the words of Jesus! What study they have borne! How they hold their place in the heart and in the world's reverence! And then how marvellous that those who meditate most upon them cling the firmest to them! And, stranger than all, inconsistencies of the letter never confuse the spirit of the Word.

To explain and account for such facts as these, we must admit, in its fullest measure, a spiritual sense in the letter of Scripture, that the words of Jesus are all that he claims them to be, — "they are spirit and they are life." Our Bible cannot be read truly, or fully understood by grammar and lexicon, but only by the enlightened and witnessing spirit. Saintly souls, like Tauler, Fenelon, and George Law, have always found in that book more than practical moralities or forms of doctrine. And, on the other hand, they have never been troubled by the high things in it. They have never wished to deny its divine revealings, or throw a doubt or suspicion on the most spiritual and subjective of the Gospels. What they have felt of the divine life has proved to them the divine humanity of Christ. They have understood so well their relations to God that they have been able to find in those parts of revelation that we call supernatural only the amplest verifications of their own higher experiences and hopes. Now and then, a preacher, whose heart has been melted and whose lips have been touched by the heavenly fire, so opens up this hidden and inner sense of the Word that his hearers listen as if the apocalyptic seal had been broken, and for the first time in their lives, the truth had been revealed; for the first time they felt what wondrous meaning and beauty and power there was hidden away in that dark and dull old book, the Bible. We remember such an expositor* among the pastors of the last generation, who, out of a consecrated and poetic imagination and a deep religious experience, used to comment familiarly and with special delight and interest on the Psalms, and seemed to

* Rev. W. B. C. Peabody, of Springfield.

bring the Psalmist and all Judea in vivid representation before his hearers. He blended the scenery of the country with the emotions of the writer in his own pictorial speech, and so wrought out the most complete and successful expository sermon. He had found his own life history, his struggles, his inmost trials, his repentings, and resolves all portrayed in these personal songs of David, and, therefore, knew how to interpret and reanimate his words. It is the secret of Robertson's power and success as a preacher. He was a living soul himself, and he made the Scripture *alive* in his sermons. He found life underlying the letter of his text, not merely a morality or a dogma.

Of similar character are the later sermons of Dr. Bushnell, only more profound and vivid and eloquent. They are great discussions of truths that lie beneath the letter and beneath all dogmas. They bring up new meanings out of the still, spiritual deeps of revelation and life. Whoever reads them cannot help finding greater things in the Scripture than he ever dreamed of before, — things so true, so vital and satisfying, that he feels a new faith awakening within him, and he rises up convinced and sure that he has heard no uncertain sound, but the veritable voice of God. There is an end to doubt, to fear, and all our vague uncertainties, when the Spirit of the Lord so answers to our spirits, confirming our better hopes, and turning our heavenly aspirations into well-defined heavenly realities. It is in this way that we can meet and combat and triumph over the materialism and scepticism of the age.

It is by reading the Bible spiritually that we are to be delivered from the bitter, vexing controversies and doubts of the critics. The contradictions and inconsistencies and scientific errors of the Scripture are all literal. Belonging to the *letter* so exclusively, they seem entirely superficial, while the *spirit* is single, evident, harmonious. Is it not the letter, and only that, which troubles us in our science and our doctrine and general beliefs, while the spirit reassures, reconciles, and satisfies us? As we read, it is "the letter that killeth; the spirit giveth life." In Genesis it is not half

so important to know the number or length or character of the days of creation as it is to know that God is the Creator, and that there was no chance or accident about it. That is the religion of the history. It is not half so important to know that the genealogies of Jesus in Matthew and Luke agree as it is to know that the Christ of all the evangelists is one and the same in spirit and life, that there is a perfect spiritual harmony among all his biographers. So there are discrepancies in the different accounts of the resurrection, but perfect agreement about the fact. As a question of religion and a matter of our deeper souls, what do we care to know concerning the *how* and *where* of this great event? We are wholly intent to know "if the Lord be risen indeed;" and once in all the silent ages a voice has broken from the sealed lips of death, and a sign has been made in answer to our spirit's prayer, so that we can see and be sure that he who is man's Exemplar has won the victory over the grave. Let us read the words of Christ, not dogmatically or scientifically, but as spirit and as life. By the light let in from a higher truth, we shall see the lower come into consistent and harmonious relations, and the difficulties and the darkness vanish away. Then we shall give up our reverse methods, trying to measure man's heart by his intellect, to contain the greater in the less, by a farthing rush-light to discover the stars of heaven.

That the Bible has a spiritual as well as a literal sense is almost self-evident, and corresponds to the twofold character of man as soul and body. So all the forms of nature are intelligible only as symbols of higher and more permanent existences. These things that we see about us are types of invisible realities out of which this material world was created and shaped and made alive. Revelation only follows universal analogy. How to find the *way* into this deep, inner truth may not seem so clear as the *fact* of the truth itself. Those refined and pure souls who have gone down into the holy places of life, and have found the divine secret, and have been nourished by the very "bread that comes from heaven," may not be able to trace step by step the path by which they

have come. They know full well what divine truth they have gained and what divine joy and peace they have entered into. But beyond their seeking and prayers they know not how the hand of God has led them along their way through darkness and suffering and fear. They are only sure that they stand at last on solid ground, that they live among the eternal verities and no longer among shadows. In all human experience nothing is more certain or more fully proved than the spiritual life; as little can we doubt that there is also a *way* to it distinct and marked all along by the plain footprints of believers and the clear lights of heaven. There is "a *law* of the spirit of life." St. Paul confidently affirms it. The New Church has its ready and decisive answer. Its doctrine of correspondence is not a theory or a symbolism but a science as exact and reliable as any science of numbers. Therefore its disciples have a language inspired and infallible, by which they can read the Bible here on earth as the angels read it in the light of the skies. While we are not ready to admit this high claim of the Swedish seer, we acknowledge that such a law, in its character and exactness, is just what we desire and seek, and sometime expect to find. If we have a revelation from God, we have, also, a way which he has marked out, all luminous with the light of his countenance, that leads direct to its deepest spiritual meaning. But we are quite ready to admit that the chief antagonist influence to the scientific doubt of the time and to our prevailing materialism is the philosophy of Swedenborg, large enough and spiritual enough to answer all our scepticism and explain all our problems of destiny and life. This gives us a key to both the mystery of the Bible and the mystery of nature. The acknowledged and accepted creed of the few, it works as a leaven of faith through all the thought and speculation of our scholars and preachers and readers. So far it is a silent force revealed only in the new tone and shaping it gives to our old theological doctrines, and to all our scientific inquiries. Its inward character is the best prophecy of future success.

Finally, we do not object to the troublesome doubts and

practical difficulties and stupendous mysteries, all unaccountable and bewildering, that beset the lives of men who dwell so much in the outward, in themselves and in their goods. May their scepticism increase till it turns and drives them to God, to search into their great spiritual natures and the spiritual realities which alone can explain themselves, their being, and the world in which they live. Let criticism do its work. Let science evoke its own truths. Doubt is an element in all true inquiry; but it is neither the normal nor final state of man. In other courses run the great currents of human thought and feeling, and you cannot arrest or turn them back. Even the sceptics will continue to "search the Scriptures," and oftentimes in their searchings they will strike down deep enough to come to the living waters. The strongest tendencies of the world are in the direction of faith. There are more longings for God and heaven a thousand times than there are denials or suspicions of these divine realities. The sceptics themselves, down in their holy and pure affections, are all believers,—by their intellects writing their material philosophies, and in their hearts praying for the great revealings of the Spirit to give them rest and peace.

D. C.

"CONSCIENCE is the magnet of the soul. It has a divine polarity. Amid the tempests of passion, in the dark hours of trial, that only lie just this side of despair, when a host of fierce temptations beleaguer, then consult this Divine Monitor; and though its tiny needle may tremble amid the attractions of earth, yet, if uncorrupted, its pole-star will be the throne of God."

"God can *speak* whatever he will into existence, but man must *work* into existence whatever good he desires. And hence the necessity, not merely of a general aim or resolve to effect a noble object, but of learning or devising the means by which it can be attained."

LUCK OR PROVIDENCE?

LIFE OF LESSING.

IN an exceedingly interesting biography of the famous German scholar, Lessing, an excellent translation of which has just been placed before readers of English, my eyes have fallen upon the following passage: "Through Lessing's entire life there prevails an adverse influence which can be comprehended in the brief expression, *He had no luck*. Whoever reads with attention his letters — the chief source for a knowledge of his life and character — will meet more than once his complaint of this fate, although under the disguise of that wonderfully affecting humor with which his strong heart strove to control his disappointment. We are yet far from that epoch of his life when the demon of disaster was to strike him fatally in the only part where the energy of this giant was vulnerable."

I need not say that this is not the language of Christian faith, and yet so easily are men betrayed into such words that I make no doubt the writer of them would be surprised to be told that he had written anything specially unchristian. It is the commonest thing in life to have a creed and to make no use of it, to affirm, as in this instance, sacred providences, and to talk of happy or unhappy accidents. Our faith needs to be so deepened and purified and instructed that it will be impossible for us ever to be betrayed into such irreligious utterances. Not a sparrow falls to the ground, said the Saviour, without your Father. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Even Solomon said, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." "In Him," said St. Paul, "we live and move and have our being," and, "He is not far from any one of us," and again, "All things work together for good to them that love God." God is present with us in all the fulness of his power and love, ordering our steps and appointing our lot, in hours which are the darkest and even when all the waves and billows of the

stormiest sea are breaking over us. He builds up and casts down. He wounds and makes whole. He gives and he takes away. He is no distant God, nor yet is he a mere looker-on in his own world, watching the course of Nature as we call it, and how, as her laws are carried out to their issues, some are blessed and some are cursed, whilst sometime the blessing falls upon the foolish, and the curse upon the wise. The word of faith which we preach proclaims an ever-present, an ever-working, an ever-loving Father.

Perhaps it would more surely gain and more steadily keep hold of our souls if we could always bear in mind that it is a word of *faith*. It is a spiritual and moral persuasion. It is from within us and from above us. It does not come so much from any observation of the way of the outward world, — from any comparison of good fortunes with evil fortunes, as from the precious thoughts of a fatherly God in our own souls, that inspiration of the Almighty which gives us understanding. The apostle exhorts us to add knowledge to our faith; but we must begin with *faith*. Often faith suffers great loss at the hands of those who wish to attain to it through knowledge, and are tempted to deal dishonestly with facts in the hope of sustaining their religious theories. They gather up what they call providences, even special and particular providences, at the risk of stamping as unprovidential all that has not come about according to their partial conception of the divine plan. We must steadily decline all such vain attempts to know before the time, or to interpret the whole circle of being from the little segment of it which comes under eyes that were opened only yesterday, and shall be closed to-morrow.

And yet when we have once settled it that Providence is rather to be believed in than to be known and understood, there are some thoughts concerning this wondrous way of love that may a little enlighten and shape our faith. And first it will help us to bear in mind that the fixity of law — nay, even its rigidity — need not exclude the Law-giver or compel us to declare that his loving hand is shortened. What we call law is but the orderly action of Almighty Power. God

is in it all. Nature is not God, but God is in nature. Humanity is not God, but God is in humanity in all its wondrous goings forth and many and strange vicissitudes. God uses the Law and dominates in using it. It is not like a horse running riderless, like a huge machine plunging on through infinite space, now killing and now making alive, possibly doing good to the greatest number in some general way. It is the wise working of the Divine Will, and the sharpest weapons, those that draw blood and separate soul from body, are in the hands of God. Again it may help us to deepen our faith in Providence, if we will bear in mind how much more wonderful Law may be than Miracle, steadfast Order than occasional interposition. We look for God and his love in some departure from the common course, some staying of the descending stroke, some coming of the angel in bodily form to trouble the water. It is our infirmity. How much more worthy of Omniscience and Omnipotence to take that very settled way and so pervade and possess and consecrate it that no way could be better, no way so good, to get meat and sweetness from what looks like a hungry and withered earth. God hath no need to change our conditions, no need to send the twelve legions of angels and more, which, said the Christ, were ready to go forth from the Father at his word. What matters it to that Infinite Spirit whether it is the sunlight or the tempest, or wealth or poverty, or health or sickness? It is the Hand, not the tool, that accomplishes the wonderful result. I have heard of a singularly skilful carver of figures in Switzerland who is totally blind and works wholly by feeling, so exquisite is his touch. Anything serves God, as they find who have found him and had sight of him and speech with him. Are they sorely afflicted? Blessed affliction, for it revealed God. He did not take away the thorn, but he did give the sufficient grace which but for the thorn it may be they would not have asked.

All things do not and cannot happen alike to all, simply because all are not alike. Once more, God's ways are not our ways, because God's ends are not our ends. We propose to be happy, and because we are unhappy we complain that

we have no luck. God proposes blessedness for us, not all ways happiness, and the preparation for that may not be outward success and instant comfort. We are striving to build up a fortune, God is seeking to create a character. We set our hearts upon the lesser thing, God does not hesitate to sacrifice the lesser to the greater. He will have true sons at any cost. We say the fates are against us unless the world goes well. He saith, The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever, and a mightier than any might of fate is with him.

So our sober thought comes to aid our Christian faith. But, after all, it is only feebleness coming to Strength in some less favored hour, as the little child might go to luckless Samson when his locks are shorn and his eyes put out and lead him forth from prison and from torture. Let the giant take to himself his own might and reign! Be not Little-faith in the Allegory, but Great-faith! Let us be those true children of God who are *saved* by faith, who *walk* by faith, who, in their purity of heart and their singleness of vision, see the Lord ever at their side. Hidden from the wise and prudent, the Holy Presence and the Helping Hand are revealed unto the babes in Christ, who can see even in the angel of destruction no "Demon of disaster."

"Then let the rivers swell around,
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;
Rivers and floods and seas divide,
And homage pay to Israel's Guide.

"Then let the fires their rage display,
And flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, unsinged, he leads them through,
And makes the flames refreshing too.

"The fires but on their bonds shall prey;
The floods but wash their stains away,
And Grace Divine new trophies raise
Amidst the deluge and the blaze."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

E.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. LXIII.

O WUNDERGROSZER SIEGESHELD.

Ernst Christoph Homburg. 1658. Mel. Wie schon leuchtet der Morgenstern.

O GLORIOUS Saviour, conquering King,
 Destroyer of Death's doom and sting!

To-day behold thee seated
 At God's right hand of majesty :
 Thy foes thy suppliants forced to be,
 To endless rout defeated.

Might, thou, Light, thou
 Conquest bearest, Empire wearest ;
 Death and living
 Subject to thy will and giving.

Thee shall the choirs of Cherubim
 And all the holy Seraphim

Extol with praises, praises :
 Who gifts to men dost scatter down,
 While upward, to thy seat and crown,
 Thy look immortal gazes.
 Sing ye, Ring ye
 Strains transcending, Lowly bending.
 We are nighest
 As the risen rises highest.

Thou art the head, the members we,
 And down from thence flow full and free
 Light, life, and consolation.

The Holy Spirit's wondrous might,
 That works in us the good and right,
 Will be, for us, salvation.
 Reach me, Teach me,
 Firmly pressing Word and blessing.
 Fit me duly,
 That my heart may serve thee wholly.

Oh, lift us, Lord, where thou art gone,
 Help, that we all may on and on
 Thy heavenly footsteps follow.
 Lead us to seek what pleaseth thee ;
 Of this low world, to scorn and flee
 The wishes base and hollow.
 Cheer us, Clear us,
 Help-supplier, Sanctifier !
 All pains ended,
 Join my soul to Thee, Ascended.

N. L. F.

 MY MINISTER.

THERE are three pictures hanging in my room bringing before my vision the same being, which are dear to me as successive revelations of my friend, rather than on account of their artistic merit. In one corner, where the sunlight falls athwart the golden hair and peaceful forehead, the infantile, far-seeing eyes, and the gentle baby mouth, is Murillo's head of the Christ child.

On the broad space of one side of the walls rests Correggio's St. John the Evangelist. My sewing-chair and work-table are placed opposite, so that I cannot raise my eyes without gaining that strength for which I take my daily seat within view of it. When the task is long, or the temper undisciplined, I glance up at that glorious face, in the full vigor of manhood, the posture relaxed into the strong repose of energy, the firm line of the nose, the open, clearly-cut, decisive mouth, the calm, demanding eyes, waiting for that inspiration to flow in upon the soul, which it knows will come, as it always has come, while every finger clinches the roll and pen, that not one moment should be lost in the Master's service, nor one tone of his harmony missed.

Over my fireplace, my gaze rests on Annibal Caracci's beautiful head of the Saviour. I forget that the painter has made him, as he was, a young man, I only see that benignant,

sad countenance, the joy showing forth from the light within, and the gentle calmness speaking of love for man, because there was an ever-increasing communion with God. I see all this in the same living, aged face, whose work for life was shadowed forth in the infant's head. Can you not weave out his inner life, these three threads being given? Let me tell you.

I am now old, or what the world calls old. Ask me my age, and I should answer, that when I think of eternity or the unattained possibilities of earth, I am young. Nor am I old enough to recall my minister in his bright babyhood. When I first saw him, he was running up a bank, flushed with the exercise of rowing, to greet his mother. There was in his face the warmth and coloring which artists love, and the unsuspected, struggling yearning for something which even the mother's love could not give, that made Murillo's infant the type for me of the earthly beauty and childlike faith of this young man. He was then in the last year of college life. Friends had asked him, as they ask every one, "what was he going to do?" (No one in America is allowed to *be*; yet some dear old mystics never conjugated the verb to *do*.) The last four years of college life — four years when a boy's mind should be left unbiassed for the free choice of his profession — inquiries had been unceasing. His mother knew that he trusted to God's hand to guide him, and the public that he was "class chaplain," from which they inferred the necessity of his being a minister. No one enjoyed Class-day more than he; yet on Commencement night, when all was over, kneeling low down by his mother's side, as was his wont, he looked up at her, with earnestness swelling into tears, and dropping his head on her shoulder, said, —

"Mother, let me go; let me work out, in mine own imperfect way, my loyalty to God; let me find out whether he has given me the powers to serve him in public as a chosen servant; let me learn to love and be loved by those whom it is pleasant to love, and by those whom it is hard to please; let me see whether I can bear discouragement, whether, if I am true to my own aspirations, they can become achievements; let me

know God and Christ from my own soul, before I learn of them from theological dogma; let me prove myself a man, that I may be a minister. Mother, spare me for five years, then I shall be more worthy to be your son or more unworthy to be God's servant!"

The mother drew him closely to her, and with spoken blessings and prayers bade him go forth, though with many a fear that the toil of his hands and the work of his brain would prove too much for the young disciple. He left them all, — friends, home, comforts, — and in the far West sought a small town, where by hard labor he could support himself, and where it would be a harder struggle yet to keep his heart unsoiled and his love for humanity fresh. There he toiled for five years, now and then coming home, with weather-beaten brow and toughened hands, with a gaunt, sinewy frame, with a manly politeness devoid of polish, a wearied, anxious look, and ever-deepening eyes. The mother foresaw not the end, though perceiving the conflict.

Rough farmers at first laughed to scorn the young man whose physical strength was hardly equal to their own, and who, his day's work being over, wished to pass the evening in talking "as a woman would," they said. These men themselves were seldom at home, and considered his entrance into the bar-room of the tavern (which to the little village was both bar-room and "down town on change") as an intrusion, whilst acknowledging that there was something in the unaltered pleasant manner and the hearty interest in all their plans which relieved his casual reproof. The women at first liked him, and then grew bitter, as they saw his saddening glance at some want of womanly conduct. It was hard, uphill work, — distasteful work.

A year passed, and to his clear, judging mind, neither overvaluing nor undervaluing self, he felt that his actual duty had been done; so much for inward reward; for outward encouragement, that he had lived down scorn, and that among those for whom he strove, blasphemy or coarseness was never heard. That New Year he took heart, with heavy sobs such as men know, and through prayer, duty was

resolved into love for man. That element had been lacking; he had striven because it was right to strive; had prayed, but prayed that his desire to do good might be granted. Now, a tired man of twenty-two, he fell asleep on his knees before his Maker, having wrestled till the lurking ambition was gone, and love of man was his beacon-light.

The second year saw bright results. The town wondered why such a person had chosen to settle among them; but as he had, they would make the most of him. Welcome at the tavern, still the only spot where the men could be found, and where often eager discussions on every-day moral subjects now occurred; welcome as an assistant in a day's extra labor, welcome as a friend on a lonely expedition, welcome at the homes by the mothers and daughters, who involuntarily felt that they were more refined and womanly when he was present, and so liked him, because liking themselves, better; welcome everywhere, he was beloved, because he first loved them. Often, when his love alone was insufficient, the whole nature of the man being roused by some unbounded license in crime, he girded on his old armor of duty, upon which love cast bright gleams, and denounced the crime, and led the sinner to a repentant life. "Happiness" he had long ago cast aside as a poor word and a still poorer desire. Serenity was his aim.

The third New Year that left its mark upon him in that distant plain had led him beyond the love of man to the love of God. Through two years more of preparation and sanctification, he labored, because he loved God, knowing by his own joyousness that God loved him. When the five years of voluntary absence were over, he left in every inhabitant a friend. A small but living church had been formed under his direction, led by a man who preached in the fervor of his own spirit, and so expounded the Bible words and biographies that they became the daily maxims and bright examples by which these rude people tried to live. The bar-room was the reading-room; the home, the favorite place of abode for its wearied master, while the women had learnt that personal propriety of dress and manner could

make their husbands lovers again. He had been the children's instructor in the Sunday-school, had prayed in their meetings and by the bedside of the dying, had visited the sick and given spiritual strength to those who had the physical ability to perform. He had been all a pastor could be, while leaving the more official act of preaching to one who came at his request. With such results, great indeed outwardly, but to him greater in the inward mastery of his own soul, in the progress from moral duty to love for man, and then to love for God, he returned homeward to train his mental powers, that neither in thought nor deed, nor in knowledge of and adaptiveness to the needs of men should he be wanting.

"Mother," he said, as he knelt by her side, — "mother, part of the victory is won, pray for me now that the intellectual power may not be wanting, — pray, oh, mother, pray that it come not to me in the form of ambition."

The mother did pray for her son as women pray who have found that heavenly love must gild the earthly. Her life had not been unhappy. She had married through the force of insignificant circumstances, which she could have otherwise controlled. Her husband had left the household arrangements to her, believing that the management of domestic affairs belonged to her, in virtue of her low estate as a woman, and not from peculiar adaptiveness to her sphere. She was too loyal to even suspect that she might have loved some other man more strongly. When children were born, her longings were satisfied in the imperfect way in which the heart is filled with an anxious, loved occupation, while her mind, never creative, but appreciative, still thirsted. Life, for she was too unconscious for the teachings of self-examination, had taught her its lessons, and made her very pure and holy. She was one of the numerous wives who are no dearer than sisters, without the sister's outside influence. The wife is presumed capable of feeling, the sister of smartness and ability. Many men would be better husbands if proud of their wives, and Mr. D—— was one of that class. He had a kind of instinctive love for his wife,

but not discerning her timid feminine powers, there stopped in his affections. She was to blame, inasmuch as to no man more than to her husband should a woman prove herself an independent, thinking being. Her son loved her with the reverence which the Catholic gives to the Virgin, though never bringing his intellectual powers into collision with hers. He was the only living child, to his father a mystery, to his mother a delight and comfort. They had given him a college education, which was all their small means afforded. While in the West, he had gained enough to help him through the three years of the Divinity School, where he now went, and where he studied as one who felt that whatever he wished to become, must be obtained by self-determination, not by force of inheritance. The fervor and ease in direct appeal, acquired in his Western experience, helped him in the chapel exercises, his knowledge of life making his views clear and emphatic, and his distrust of his own scholarship leading him to seek far and wide for reference, authority, and criticism. Never afraid of facing the truth, he probed the heights and depths of Radicalism and Orthodoxy, the ever-living, ever-changing left and right wings. He thought that successive ages might produce a Unitarianism beyond the standpoint of Channing, but not beyond the teaching of Christ, who contained in his nature life and instructions, actualities and possibilities, that heaven alone could reveal. The Father he approached with fearlessness, loving him so much that distrust of self vanished, and feeling that even if Christ had not revealed the Father to him, that Father could never have left him to cry out from the depths of his soul for a God who should take him under the shadow of his wings and hold him in the hollow of his hand. He sought society, remembering the courtliness of Paul, and the apostle's desire to be all things to all men. And he succeeded (for my minister's whole life was a struggle) in being master of that indescribable, high-bred manner indicative of the best blood of past generations and the Christian's humility. No knight was ever more courteous, or reformer more stern.

Thus, with no prominent talent, but with strong powers,

with no exuberant imagination, but with clear, exact thought, with entire self-abnegation and utmost devotion, he preached his first sermon in B—— to men and women who perceived that this "young minister" was one who had grown old in enduring the stern thing, life, and who could help them by his own conflicts. People *worshipped*, the good, old-fashioned word, when he preached. The most humbling, trying part of a minister's life now began, the acknowledgment of himself as a candidate for approval or rejection, often forgotten in the pulpit indeed, in the reverence due to the Almighty, but to which still clung the bitter after-taste of a bargain. My minister was now twenty-nine, and was willing to accept the responsibility of a parish. Earlier in life he would not have undertaken it, nor did he now need the preparation, advocated by a few, of residence in some pastor's home, to learn the clergyman's methods and duties. That knowledge he had gained three years ago, at no loss of individuality. Each minister and each parish has its own ways of action. Comparison is invidious and is ruining our churches, imitation unsuccessful; what suits the educated and self-reliant members of one congregation answers not for another, where the people are self-made and would often win a place for themselves by the aid of friendly church intercourse. In the "Rooms" on Mondays, his heart sickened at the personal remarks and the bitter disappointments of unsettled ministers. None were pleased; some remembered not that their very youth was against them, that mature growth, not its promise, was wanted; others forgot that though age had taught them the excellence of moderation, the religious public demanded excitement; while many more, relying on the fond praises of wife and friends, never entertained the thought that their magnetic power might be confined to the home circle. Sadder still was it on Saturday, to see the look of poverty pass across the countenance and down the well-brushed coat of those who needed the Sunday's pay for daily bread, and obtained it not; or the glance of surprise at some more fortunate man than they who had an engagement, strange as it appeared. Wishing to begin

lower in the social scale of desirable parishes than many deemed wise, who would not hide their light under a bushel, he soon obtained two or three conditional calls, which were not balanced one against the other, but each decided on its own merits, so that those congregations who lost him felt it was the double loss of man and minister. The society he chose was fifty miles from B—, in a quiet farming town, with about a hundred families on its list, including some in whom the cultivation and literary tastes of his own nature would find response; others, whose keen money-making shrewdness showed no recollection of the last half of the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,"—women who would pry into his personal affairs, and send him as recompense handkerchiefs by the dozen,—young girls who made dressing-gowns, dressing-cases and dressing-slippers,—married ladies who knew just what he required, from the needs of his soul to the kind of lamp he had better burn,—committee men, who spent the church money on the best communion wine, and allowed an aged church-member to want,—deacons who knew the society from long acquaintance better than he ever could by his riper intuitions. Such a parish he accepted for eight or ten years. One of his theories was,—that each minister should be settled over two parishes during his life,—one where he ripened, another where the results of this slow maturity might scatter its influence broadcast, and where he should remain till age made his resignation an honor to his fortitude.

Here I first met him in the full freedom of friendship. Here he taught me not to lean on him because he was my minister, but to accumulate a reserved capital of spiritual strength, which should meet every demand. Here his mother often came, and was treated by him as if the Saviour's words, "Behold thy mother," had been addressed to him. Every hour had its special work; if disturbed, the interruption was considered as another way of serving God. He studied and wrote diligently. The world began to encourage this rising young man, whom it was so impossible to patronize. His pastoral life was the more perfect pattern of his

Western experience, while every month evinced steady progress in his thought and clearer apprehension in his hearers. Young girls had a disagreeable feeling that he only cared for them as a Pantheist might, they said; that they were one manifestation, and a poor one at that, of eternal existence. His influence over the young was very great, as teachers' meetings, Sunday-school and Bible classes testified. Differing from many young ministers, he never danced, not because it was wrong in itself, hardly because he feared the pain it might occasion to some old-fashioned parishioner, nor because it was wrong for others to dance; but having passed the period of early youth, he had grown beyond a transitory pleasure, which was never a physical exercise, to a holier life. As the soul developed, it purified its enjoyments, and thinking of his Master, he went to the feast as prayerfully as to his home, never doing what one who entered into sympathy with life's merriest harmonies had not done. Let me hasten over this period.

(To be concluded in next number.)

"WE live the interior life too little; we scarcely live it at all. What has become of that inward eye which God has given us to keep unceasing watch over our soul, to be the witness of the mysterious workings of thought, the ineffable motion of life in the tabernacle of humanity? It is closed, it slumbers; and we open wide our earthly eyes, and yet understand nothing in Nature, not availing ourselves of that sense which would reveal it to us, reflected in the divine mirror of the spirit. There is no contact between ourselves and Nature; we have knowledge of the exterior form alone, and none at all of the meaning of the hidden language, of beauty considered as eternal and partaking of God, — things which would all be limpidly outlined and mirrored in a soul endowed with the marvellous introspective faculty. Oh! this contact between Nature and the soul would engender an unspeakable delight, a prodigious love of heaven and God.

"To descend into the soul of man, is to cause Nature to descend into his soul."

We are satisfied that even those who have already once read in the "Christian Register" the timely and direct Sermon of Dr. Putnam on "Making Haste to be Rich" will be glad to read it again, and having read, to retain it in a convenient form. "Not to copy from one journal into another" is a good rule, but, like most good rules, it admits of an occasional exception. How much need there is and will be for the preacher's wise and earnest words State Street and some other streets very well know.

E.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., AT ROXBURY,
MARCH 10, 1867.

"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—Prov. xxviii. 20.

It is a necessary and legitimate exercise of the human faculties to make gain and increase one's store of worldly goods. He who possesses one loaf may well strive to add another. Hands and brains are well employed, first, in gaining a livelihood, and then a small estate, and then in increasing that to a larger one, and so on indefinitely. This is according to the order of Providence and the constitution of man. It develops the resources of nature, and the physical and mental energies of men, as the Creator obviously designed; it tends to moral health and growth, and is more favorable to all the virtues than worldly sloth and indifference. This strong and universal desire for a share of the world's possessions was not put into man to be frowned down by the moralist, or suppressed by the influence of religion.

It is, however, liable to abuses and excesses that are pernicious and criminal. In order to be safe and wise, it must be strictly limited by moral conditions, and no small share of the depravity and wretchedness of the world arises from the disregard of these needful limitations.

Our text indicates, as well as the nature of the subject admits, the line of distinction between the right and wrong in this matter of making gain and seeking riches.

Observe, at the outset, that the terms rich and poor are entirely relative. He who has one little room to live in, how-

ever mean, is rich compared with the man who has none, though poor compared with him who has two. Anybody who has the means to live decently appears rich to the multitude who are below him. The great man of the village, whose wealth seems boundless to his neighbors, is almost a pauper compared with the city capitalist; and that capitalist himself, with the wealthiest of his compeers in this country, looks small and poor when compared with the great feudal property holders of the Old World. It is all relative.

The text, I say, indicates the important distinction. It does not denounce the desire or effort to get rich according to one's ability and opportunity; it does not denounce any one for being rich or trying to be richer; its word of caution is simply against the making haste to be rich; that is, over-eagerness in the matter, a passionate thirst and pursuit of wealth, which would leap to its goal in disregard of the laws of things and of the dictates of reason and conscience.

The wise man utters but a mild caution, a soft rebuke, — "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." It could not be put more gently. He might have said, and I suppose it would have been true in his day, as it certainly is in our day, that a passionate haste to be rich very often produces, universally tends to produce, to a fearful degree, manifold crimes and miseries; leads to all manner of fraud and falseness, makes shipwreck of conscience and peace of mind and good repute, brings bitter reverses and sharp distress upon innocent families, involves the blameless with the guilty, and destroys many a fair hope of worldly competency and well-being.

This eager haste to be rich may have prevailed in an equal degree, or in a high degree, in other times and lands. I know not how that may be, but it seems as if it were specially rife and intense in our days and in our American communities, and the bitter fruits of it are every day ripening to our eyes and to our taste.

This passion for great and immediate wealth, when it has taken hold of a man, will, of course, scorn all the regular processes of industry, the ploddings of daily labor, of regular

trade, and of legitimate enterprise. These, to be sure, are the methods by which fortunes, large or small, have generally been acquired and the solid prosperity of the community has been achieved; but they are slow methods and tedious. Sometimes, by a combination of very favorable circumstances, they bring in wealth largely and rapidly, but it is not to be counted on. They are generally slow, and the surest, everybody knows; but the passion for gain is impatient of them, and betakes itself to irregular methods, new and strange devices, hoping to discover some Aladdin's Lamp by which to realize their hopes, as it were, by the turn of a hand or some trick of jugglery or some happy turn of Fortune's wheel.

Then has begun the process of demoralization; then the restraints of honor and conscience begin to be loosened; then illusions begin to take the place of realities; then the road is entered upon that leads, in many cases, to ruin and infamy, very seldom leading to the object proposed, and never to a solid prosperity and a happy success in life.

I have not time in this discourse, nor the requisite knowledge of affairs, to enable me to trace out definitely these irregular methods of sudden and fallacious enrichment. You know them, friends, better than I do.

The public have been frequently startled of late by burglaries and robberies on an immense scale,—the present form of public securities giving great facilities for that method of getting immediately rich,—and the system of compromising with the owners of the property or the police affording so good a chance of impunity. This compounding of felonies should be universally reprobated and made as odious as it is criminal.

Another method of getting speedily rich, less felonious in the eye of law, but of a not much higher moral character, is to dash into business with little or no capital, trade on a large scale, make an imposing show, support it by fictitious paper to be redeemed by other fictitious paper, and so on, over and over,—in the mean time making systematic efforts, and frequently successful ones, to corrupt the servants of moneyed institutions, seducing them, by appeals to their kind

feelings, or by bribes, to betray their trust and render the needed assistance, and so become accomplices in the false and perilous business. And this goes on till some hitch occurs in the process, either some unforeseen event in the market, or some discovery of the deception, or some scruple of conscience or fear in some supple tool that has been used, and then the shining bubble bursts; down goes the rotten fabric of shams, and there is consternation far and wide. Behold! hundreds of thousands have been sunk and lost. And the loss falls not upon the reckless operators, — they, probably, never really had anything to lose, — but on innocent persons who had no share in the operations, who never knew that there were such things done or would be tolerated by the respectabilities of a great exchange, till they learn of it from the poverty or distress brought to their own doors. Such a catastrophe on a larger or a smaller scale is almost sure to come, and who can measure the woe of it? Our sympathies run mostly to the innocent sufferers, yet I am not sure but most pity is due to the guilty parties, and especially to their weak and wretched dupes, and to their wives and children and fathers and mothers, brought to such want and humiliation by a trust betrayed and a good name lost and a bright hope in life blasted.

I will not dwell on the vice of outright gambling, in which the vision of possible sudden acquisition, without earning it, fires the blood and maddens the brain and blasts the man, and very likely all who belong to him.

Some of us remember the time when the streets of Boston were lined with flaming posters presenting the schemes of lotteries; and we remember how frequent and disastrous were the cases of embezzlement, money taken by young men from their employers to invest in lottery-tickets which turned to ashes in their hands. That temptation is removed, or, at least, is out of sight. But other things take its place in a measure. Their name is legion. Gift enterprises, art unions, opera house art associations, and what not. Many little sums of money go into that many-mouthed gulf from all over the country, — sums that ought to go for children's bread or

schooling, or to pay honest debts, or that, at any rate, ought not to go to kindle or indulge in the man's own breast this feverish and fatal desire for sudden and unearned riches.

The passion for speedy wealth, as might be expected, is most attracted by distant projects, unexplored fields, about which very little is known, or can be known, and the fallacy of which cannot be readily exposed. Such projects being beyond the reach of careful investigation, invite the imagination to revel in golden visions of magnificent possibilities; things near by and familiar look tame, but the mysteries of the distant and unknown are full of enchantment. Accordingly, our money markets, as you know, have been crowded with schemes, companies, combinations for developing new and far-away sources of wealth, mostly underground, as it happens; latterly gold, silver, copper, oil, coal, and I know not how many other things,—all of them useful and excellent bounties of God, valuable to man, legitimate objects for human industry and enterprise, as fit a field for labor and capital as any other for those who are competent to conduct the operations and have means of knowing of their soundness and productiveness, but, for the uninformed and inexpert, the merest *ignis fatuus* to lure them on to loss, debt, mortification, and often total ruin.

The fact that some of these projects have a substantial basis of reality leads to the formation of a great many that are utterly baseless, but which, having the same fair appearance, the same formalities of charters, and offices, directors, treasurers, look just as well in the distance and pass just as well in the market. Into these schemes thousands everywhere are tempted by flattering promises to put their money. It is understood by the few knowing ones that any real value which the project may have at bottom was appropriated by the projectors at the start, in the shape of commissions, bonuses of stock, etc., and that all that can be collected in subscriptions from a credulous public are clear gains to the original swindlers. If that were the end of it, it would not be so bad,—simply so much money lost and done with; but the bubbles are kept long afloat to dazzle the reckless and befool

the ignorant; stock operations begin; daily sales, some real and many fictitious; ingenious devices for inflating, for depressing, for carrying, for "cornering," — a contest of wits among the shrewd and unscrupulous for getting the better of one another and bringing in new victims, more fools to be fleeced and beggared, under the promise of being suddenly enriched. It is said that there is more activity and more excitement in this kind of business than in any other in our cities and commercial centres, and that very large sums of money are constantly put to hazard there in this community, large in the aggregate, to be utterly sunk when the crash and collapse come, as come they do and must, and the whole bubble disappears, leaving only debt and want, or shame and demoralization, and not seldom breaches of sacred trust and the irretrievable shipwreck of character.

It is not my custom nor to my taste to discuss such matters here, nor to introduce the usages and phraseologies of the exchange among the sacred proprieties of the sanctuary; but sometimes a regard for the public morals constrains me, and it becomes to my mind a case of duty versus conventionality and taste.

I shall be told that it is a waste of breath to expose and rebuke these things, that it is of no use to resist the irresistible tide and set up our feeble moralizings against the mighty sweep of excited passions making haste to be rich. And I know it is well-nigh useless as respects those who are already drawn into the vortex, dizzied by the whirl and mastered by the passion. But there must be some whom the madness has not yet touched, or are not yet so far infatuated but that they will listen in time to words of warning.

When the boatman, in his carelessness or excitement has run his skiff down into the boiling rapids of Niagara, you will in vain call out to him to beware, to turn back or seek the shore. It is too late; he cannot hear your voice amid that strife of waters, and his feeble arm is powerless against the fierce drift; he must go on and make the plunge over that awful brink into the gulf below. We cannot save him except as by a miracle. But farther up the stream, in the quiet

reaches of the river, or standing on the shore, there may be those who are, as yet, looking wistfully down towards the beautiful dancing of the sparkling waters, and feel gently lured to them, slightly fascinated, and are just ready to let go and launch out upon their treacherous excitements, but yet hesitate with some doubts, some misgivings as to what they may come to; and for these a word of caution, inviting them to thoughtfulness, may not be wholly in vain.

I have approached at intervals, through a whole day, and stood by the gaming-table in the great gambling hall of Baden-Baden. Great sums of money changing hands every minute, staked on the color of a card. Observing the fierce passions on the countenances of the habitual players, I queried with myself what if I should speak out and tell these persons what were the consequences of their business, and what was thought of it by all the wise and good men of the world. And my answer to myself was that I should be a fool for my pains, and should be driven from the hall and perhaps put under restraint as an insane fanatic. But the young friend at my side, looking on like myself and just beginning to feel the fascination of the play, and querying whether he would not share the pleasure of the excitement by the risking of a few coins,—it might not be wholly useless to whisper to him that he had better not, or draw him away to take a little stroll in the beautiful grounds outside.

I hope that those who are not yet frenzied by any of these levices for getting hastily rich, and especially the younger portion of them, will listen patiently to some words of counsel.

Do not indulge dreams of great wealth, nor accustom the mind to revel in the fancied felicities of its possession. There is small chance for anybody that such dreams will be realized. If they are realized, they will not bring the sufficiency and happiness you expect, and if not realized, leave you a disordered imagination and morbid discontent, with an incapacity for appreciating those common blessings of moderate success which are always best.

For the most part, keep your ideas of worldly advancement

connected with your one legitimate pursuit, the calling which you are trained to and understand ; seek your prosperity in that, and let not your wishes or imaginations stray often or far from that, and be not too easily tempted to relinquish that for other enterprises which perhaps only look to you more dazzling because you are less acquainted with them.

You desire very properly so to keep and employ your savings as to make provision for old age or a time of infirmity or for your families, and also to add to your comforts of life as you go along. As a general rule, invest those savings in things near to you, and things that you know about and are competent to judge of. Or if, from the circumstances of your position, you are no judge of any kind of business or property, and you must take advice, take it from the wisest and most honest persons you know of, who will not recommend to you an investment unless they understand it and believe in it. Do not take advice from adventurers who have their own interest to serve, and who try to dazzle you with schemes of fabulous gains. Be suspicious of all the splendid allurements they hold out ; it is their own advantage and not yours that they are seeking ; and even when your own honest and friendly neighbor offers you grand opportunities of doubling your money quickly, consider long whether it is a matter that he thoroughly knows about, whether he is not dazzled and beguiled. It is not enough that he means well by you and is your friend. In the losses which will come upon you, it will be no consolation that he shares them. Seek advisers who are prudent, unexcited, as well as friendly and disinterested.

Make it a rule to take no part in those kinds of investment which are mere games of chance. The chances will always be against you many fold ; you will be nearly sure to suffer in property, and however that may turn out, the process will certainly, as far as it goes, unsettle and demoralize your mind. There is some risk and some chance even in the safest kinds of property ; do not expose yourself unnecessarily to their exciting and dangerous fluctuations.

Again, be resolute never to incur debts for speculative pur-

poses. There is a class of commercial credits that are well understood as perfectly legitimate and necessary, but debts incurred for speculative risks are always dangerous; it imperils your worldly condition and prospects; it imperils your peace of mind, your integrity, and all the satisfactions of life.

Above all things, be resolutely faithful in all positions of pecuniary trust. Never expose the property of other persons to your own risks, nor to any risks without their knowledge and consent. When the money of others is confided to your keeping, be strict never to connect it in any shape with any interests or projects of your own, nor listen for one moment to the subtle allurements of others to help and befriend them. Stifle every feeling of friendship, kindness, or affection, when it suggests the slightest breach of trust. There are families to-day who sit mourning in shame and ruin because the heads of them surrendered their integrity and faithfulness to weak compassion and misplaced sympathy. Before all things else, be faithful to trusts!

These simple items of advice, I throw out for those who may be supposed to have less of worldly experience and wisdom than even I have.

But I have also something to say to those who have more worldly wisdom than I have. Men of position, of influence in the business world, men of character and upright purposes, who lament the calamities and misdoings of the time, let me urge such men to consider if they are doing their part towards preventing such evils, and giving a higher tone to the business of the community; for do not such men take some part in the wild and baseless operations of the time, from which these disasters, defalcations, and manifold miseries proceed?

Perhaps you who are sensible and self-possessed men sometimes take risks or shares of some form or interest in the visionary schemes that crowd the market, and you say it is a light matter for you; you are excited with no wild hopes; it is only an amusement; you rather expect to lose, and can afford to lose the little you put in; it is pleasant to take a little part in these lively games. You say that, or, rather,

probably, you do not say anything about it, nor care to have anything known about it, but that is the way you feel on the subject. That is not a justification. Is it right for you thus to give your countenance and support to operations which you know are unsound and delusory, or rather in which the many unsound ones are so mixed up with the few sound ones that few persons can rightly discriminate among them? It will not hurt you, but it will seriously hurt many and ruin some. Is it right for you, who are cool, wise, and strong, to help keep the bubbles afloat and blow them up larger? Do not feel too sure that it does not in some degree demoralize even you. But you know well the whole game is greatly demoralizing to the young men of the community and a serious bar to their solid and virtuous prosperity. You cannot safely play with this false fire. You cannot dip your hand in pitch and draw it out clean. You cannot be held altogether guiltless of the consequences of the doings in which you take part.

Again, I suppose the extravagant, illegitimate, and pernicious enterprises, personal and corporate, which disgrace the commercial character of the times, are nourished and sustained to a large extent by the regular moneyed institutions of the land, — the banks. These are not abstractions, they are the aggregations of the property, mostly of retired persons, elderly people, women, orphans, and others, who depend for their bread upon the income of their little hoards. These institutions are placed in charge of men selected for their reputed eminence for intelligence, probity, and influence. Do these men always think enough of the responsibilities of such a position of trust? Is it quite right that the funds of such a character should be used daily and in large amounts, for feeding the fires of a wild and pernicious speculation, and to assist dashing adventurers in carrying stocks, a large proportion of which ought not to be carried, ought never to have been taken up, and the sooner they are suffered to drop, the less will be the havoc of the crash?

And is it quite fitting that they who manage these sacred trusts should let them out in great heaps, larger than for

anything else, to sustain private operations that have no basis and produce no benefit to society? Is it enough that such managers should look only upon the face of the securities lodged with them, and never seek to know, or if they know, do not care, how the parties came by those securities, whether fairly or by trick or fraud, and never seek to know or care to know, what is to be done with the money so loosely and lavishly dealt out?

I only ask these questions. I suppose I am not competent to answer them. I put them to those who are wiser than I am. But to one standing a little outside the mysteries of business, it seems as if the fathers and leaders of the commercial community should feel some responsibility for the use of the means under their control; that those means should be made subservient to the highest interests, should be devoted to useful and honest purposes, helpful to legitimate trade and industry, and tributary to the public virtue, public safety and peace, rather than to the wild and corrupting practices of excited and unscrupulous men making hot haste to be rich,—to be rich quickly, no matter at whose cost or with what consequences.

It is a fruitful subject, that which our text presents, but I must drop it here in the midst with half its lessons unnoticed.

These worldly matters, besides their intrinsic importance as bearing upon the worldly prosperity and comfort of our people, are unspeakably important in their bearings upon moral character and the soul's health. These fervid activities of business and trade around us may become, and often do, the sphere in which to build up a character of strength, honor, and integrity, of generosity, of sober wisdom, and of spiritual beauty; and they may also be the sphere in which the mind gets unbalanced, conscience silenced, heart hardened, imagination corrupted, and the whole life blighted. Consider, friends, the vast difference of the result, and take your stand and do your part accordingly. It is not the transitory interests of a day only that are at stake, but the health of the soul, the beauty and honor of a life, and the interests of eternity.

IS THERE ANY LIMIT TO MAN'S PROBATION ?

PART I.

THE two ways in which this question is commonly answered are well known. Some Christians declare without any hesitation that the present life is man's only state of probation. Souls are placed here on earth to be proved or tested, as vessels are placed in the fire, or seeds in the ground. Death is the end of the trial, the winter in which the sunshine of divine grace is brought to a close. And no matter whether the time has been longer or shorter, ten years or a hundred, — no matter whether the chance for enjoying the light has been greater or less, that of heathen or of Christian lands, all the vessels that are then found to be cracked or bruised or misshapen, all the seeds that have failed to come up or ripen or bear the proper fruit, are to be cast aside and lost forever. With the opening of the grave, the door of God's mercy is shut. A person may repent and be saved a moment before death, but a moment after there is no place for repentance, no matter with what agony it is sought. The tombstone is the fulcrum on which the soul's destiny is poised as in a balance, the point at which it is to be weighed to see whether or not it is wanting; and its direction for all eternity, up or down, is to be determined by the weight of faith that is placed on its earthward side.

Others have held, with equal decisiveness, that man's probation is to have no limit at all. It seems to them a doctrine too terrible for belief that the deeds of a few short years, done oftentimes amid the greatest ignorance and darkness, should fix a person's fate in the future beyond all possibility of change. Life is regarded not as a seed-time, a summer, and a harvest, but as one continuous spring. Repentance can be attended to just as well on the other side of the grave as on this. The harvest of the soul will depend not on the season at which the seed is planted, but on the fidelity and zeal of its culture. And, as each one is to have an eternity in which to work out his salvation, the postponement of it, even

for the whole period of this earthly existence, will make at most only the difference of a few short years in its completion. Yea, there is a secret thought with many that the future will be more favorable for the attainment of salvation than the present life. Here man is involved in darkness; temptations beset his path; the sunlight of God's Spirit is far away; his hands are weak, his mind cramped and narrow. But in heaven he will have a clearer knowledge of duty. The light of Deity will be all around him. Sin and evil will have passed away. He will be freed from the influence of bodily passion. And what is now a task will then be nothing but the spirit's joy.

Which of these views is the true one? On which is it the most safe to act?

We cannot assent entirely to either. To make the grave the limit of probation is a mere arbitrary arrangement, something which is independent of the law of cause and effect, and inconsistent with the ordinary operations of the divine economy. Death pertains merely to the body. It does not change the nature of the soul itself, its aspirations, powers, and tendencies, or its relations with God, two of the chief elements which go to make up its probation. And, if it is able to repent and be saved the moment before dying, what is the power which prevents it from doing so the moment after? There is no passage of Scripture which makes the end of life the exact limit of our opportunities. The verses which are so often quoted for this purpose, — "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest," "If the tree falleth towards the south or towards the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be" — are equally strong against all future activity and progress, — that of the good as well as of the bad. Even the passage from Revelation, which seems at first view to be conclusive, — "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still," — is found on examination to refer, not to the hour of

death, but to the nearness of the coming of Christ, so near there would be no time even for those living to change. Moreover, the chances which men have in the present world are not equal. Some die in early spring before even the first seed can be put into the ground; others, in the prime of manhood before it has had time to ripen; while a part, no more diligent or faithful, are kept to the extreme limit of old age. Even with those who live the longest there is a vast difference, some enjoying the full glory of Christianity and others groping in the dim light of nature. And to say that a break of life, wherever it may occur, often the result of accident, and sometimes, as in the case of the patriotic soldier, or the man who dies in attempting to save another from harm, occasioned in performing the noblest duties, — to say it is the end infallibly of all our privileges, is not only to impugn the justice and fairness of God, but to take away immensely from the value and significance of the future world.

But, on the other hand, it is going too far to assert that his probation is to last forever. There are facts of nature and the soul, too strong to be overlooked, which seem to indicate it does have, if not an arbitrary, yet a natural and inevitable limit. With some it may indeed coincide with the present life; with others, those who have not exhausted their opportunities, it may lap over far into the future. And alas, is it not to be feared that with many it ends long before they feel the touch of physical death? The subject has been argued too exclusively on mere technical grounds, on the formal meaning of Scripture texts, and as if it must result from some enactment of divine will. We may rest sure that everything God can do to prolong it will always be done; that his offers of mercy will never be closed; and that so long as there is a single prodigal son in all the universe, his arms and the eternal door will be open wide to receive him. If there is any limit to the time in which he can repent, it will be found in man himself; in the constitution and laws and forces with which as a free being he had to be made. It is from this point of view, not whether it is possible

or otherwise for God to have decreed such a limit, that we ought to approach it. And with the hope, not of settling it dogmatically, but of getting some light upon it as one of the most important practical questions the soul can consider, we take up the reasons for supposing that our probationary state, sooner or later, is to have an end.

Not the least important is the pains which God has taken to provide the soul here with the means of salvation. It may indeed be true that the mere words of Scripture are as inconclusive for any limit of probation as for the special one of death. We are not inclined to lay too much stress upon them. The writers in most cases do not seem to have had this matter at all in view. And history is full of warnings as to the danger of educing important doctrines from the phraseology and detached expressions of the Bible. But apart from its single terms, there is something in the earnestness with which it urges upon us the work of salvation, yea, something in the very fact of the Bible itself, which is full of profoundest meaning. God has dealt with man in those matters which pertain to his eternal welfare widely different from what he has in those which relate simply to his temporal prosperity. In the natural world, though he has stored it with blessings of every kind in the richest profusion, and is perfectly willing that his children should have them to the fullest extent, he has taken no pains to reveal their place and to urge them on their attention. Men were left to their own insight from the very beginning to discover those things which were needful for their health and strength and material growth. No decalogue of political economy has been written out on tablets of stone by the finger of God, no Saviour come down from heaven to show us the right way of statesmanship, no witness of miracles been given to the great truths of philosophy. And there are many of the richest blessings in science and medicine and art, many that are now the most closely connected with our physical comfort and happiness, that lay for ages at the very feet of our race without even the faintest hint from Heaven to show us where they were. But in the world of religion, in those things

which pertain to the health and salvation of the soul, he has not only given us a revelation of truth direct from heaven, but has taken every possible means to have it used. There is something almost startling in the urgency with which the Scriptures press upon us the use of our religious blessings. They warn, invite, persuade, command, beseech, exhort, and threaten. Every avenue of the soul, every passion and sentiment and faculty and aspiration of our nature is appealed to, if by any means they may get us to accept the offers of mercy. "Now," they tell us, "is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time." We are to choose this day whom we will serve. Repentance is called for by the prophets, by the Saviour, and by the apostles as a present, immediate duty. And a sweet, solemn, mighty Voice is heard by the fountains of eternal life, as it is nowhere else, calling out to us evermore, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come and buy wine and milk without money and without price."

What is the cause of the difference? Why does man have a Bible in religion any more than in science? Why is he not left to reach forth unto spiritual truths in the same way that he is to those of nature? Is it not because in the very beginning of life he has a special need of religious nurture, — a need whose supply it will not do to put off to some other period of his existence? Would God have taken so much pains to reveal and urge upon him the means of salvation now, if, like the inventions and discoveries of art and science, it would have been just as well for him to wait till he had groped into them himself? The very fact of a revelation, as bearing on this subject, is more than all its words. A person does not rush unto a house and warn its occupants of danger, and urge them to escape, when a day or a month hence will do just as well. There is something in that mighty Now which runs as a deep undertone through all the Bible which is a terrible hint that the future will not be as the present; and when God breaks the great silence of eternity, and opens the way and says, "Come," it must be it is not safe for the soul to wait.

The lessons of nature are all in the same direction. Every one knows how it is with the year. There is a certain part of it when the earth is furnished with just the kind of moisture and warmth that is needed for the germination of seeds, and which is designed especially for their being sown. The fate of the farmer's crops for the whole year is dependent on the use he makes of his opportunities for a little while in spring. Every week of delay will cause a vast difference, not only in the time of his harvest, but in the amount he will be able to reap. And, if he waits till the middle of summer before putting his seeds into the ground, there is no degree of anxiety and toil that will make them ripen before they are cut down by the storms and frosts of winter. Spring is emphatically the farmer's season of probation.

So, too, there is a fixed period of life, that of childhood and youth, which is set apart for the growth of the human body. The boy is then naturally endowed with that appetite for food and spirit of activity which are requisite for his physical development. And, if food and exercise are furnished to him in the right measure, he is almost certain to grow up a strong and healthy man. But, if his body then is cramped and confined, and his lungs and palate deprived of what they need, the growth of his whole system will receive a check. The peculiar influences which belong to the beginning of life will pass away. And no attention to the matter afterwards, no amount of food and exercise when he once has arrived at manhood, will ever make up his loss. It is the time of youth which is the limit of the body's probation.

The same is true of education. There doubtless are some remarkable cases in which persons with whom it has been neglected in their younger years have started up at a later period and won for themselves a noble place in the world of letters. But with the larger part of mankind the seeds of knowledge, in order that they may ever be ripened to perfection, must be planted within us during the spring-time of life. Our nature is then especially adapted for the reception of truth. The senses and perceptive faculties are in the highest state of activity. The memory keeps an open door for

the accumulation of facts. The imagination soars with its eagle wing into the bright realm of ideal perfection; and faith is ready with its strong fingers to lay hold of every truth which is brought before the soul. It is a condition, however, which lasts only through the growing period of life. With the progress of years a change takes place by the very law of our being in the relative order and strength of its powers. The activity of memory gives place to that of judgment. Imagination is subordinated to reason; faith, to caution. The perceptive powers, useful once for the acquisition of knowledge, are exchanged for the practical and reflective ones used in its application to business and for working it up into the great principles of philosophy and science. And the red-hot youth moulded by every touch of the teacher's hammer cools down to the iron man that only the might of God can shape. There is no period in which education can be so easily carried on as that of youth, not even manhood with all its mental vigor and more earnest sense of its need. The loss of a single year is what no intensity of application is able fully to make up. We knew an eminent mathematician who had neglected in his childhood to learn the multiplication-table; and never afterwards, even with the most diligent efforts, and while he was working out the profoundest problems of numbers, was he able to fasten it in his memory. It is not uncommon here in America to see men with clear and vigorous thoughts and a decided talent for public speaking, but whose grammars were unattended to in their school-days, and who never since have found it possible to train themselves into the parts of speech. If a person does not enter as boy into the golden realm of poetry, it is almost sure to be closed to him during all the after periods of his life. There is no energy of study which can make a foreign language as familiar to the tongue in manhood as the speech that is learned almost without an effort from a mother's lips. And those little graces and refinements of life, not very precious in themselves, but having such an immense bearing on one's happiness and success, the sweet and silvery tone, the polished manner, the ease of person and

the rules of etiquette, which come to children almost as unconsciously as their walking and looks, are absolutely impossible of attainment when the boy has passed on to maturity. It is childhood and youth which are the season of our mental probation.

And is it not reasonable that the principle which runs so plainly through the other parts of God's economy, should be found also in our moral and spiritual growth? Is it not just as foolish to defer the work of salvation to another state of being, on account of the darkness and difficulty with which the soul is here surrounded, as it would be for the farmer on the score of the cold and gloomy days which occur in April and May, to put off his sowing to the warmth and sunshine of August, or for the boy, because of his weakness and fatigue in childhood, to defer his learning to read and write till he shall have the strength and endurance of a man? What is the whole of this present existence but the spring-time, the youth, the school-day of our immortal nature! And so far as analogy can be of any service, does it not point everywhere to the fact that the religious duties which belong to it—planting the seed of truth, growing up into the stature of the spiritual man, and acquisition of moral discipline—are performed most easily and wisely, yea, must be performed, in some degree, while we are passing through it, and that the influences, the kind of faculties, the stage of growth, which are now furnished for beginning the work of salvation will cease and must cease just in proportion as we pass on to another period of life and a new state of the soul?

J. C. K.

"IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors."

"HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

THE THOUGHT WHICH JESUS DREADED.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

EVERY attentive reader of the New Testament has probably noticed the resemblance of the words which Jesus used on two occasions, apparently very different. One was, when, in the wilderness, the Tempter offered him "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," provided he would fall down and worship him. The Saviour replied, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Matt. iv. 10). The other occasion was, when "Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." Then we are told, "He turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men" (Matt. xvi. 23). In both these instances there is a vehemence of expression that seems to betoken unusual emotion within. We perceive not the stately calmness with which he had replied to the earlier suggestions of evil, when it took the form of hunger, or pleaded in the tones of vanity. It seems as if this temptation came nearer, as if the serpent's art had found a crevice in the armor of celestial proof, and its sting had penetrated to the quick. The sternness of the rebuke to Peter appears, at first sight, disproportioned to his offence, — the giving of advice which was well meant, though it may have been presumptuous and mistaken.

When, however, we examine what that advice implied, we shall find both the vehemence of the Saviour's words and their resemblance to those he had used in a former instance fully explained.

Jesus had been speaking of his approaching death. He had drawn aside the veil which hid the future from the eyes of his disciples; and, surprised and alarmed, they found that the Messiah, whom they had expected to assume the throne

of David, was preparing for suffering, disgrace, and death. We cannot conceive their dismay, unless we realize the earthly nature of their previous hopes. They had trusted that it was he that should redeem Israel. They had thought themselves the favored courtiers of the predestined king of Palestine. Their ambitious hopes had risen high, as they looked forward to the victories he would achieve, the honors he would bestow, the glory he would share with his faithful adherents. And better thoughts had blended with those of private interest. They had felt, as patriots, for their country's degradation,—at once beneath the yoke of domestic tyranny and the control of a foreign power. They had felt as devout Jews, whose patriotism was rendered holy by the thought of the especial divine protection their country had for ages experienced. Now, the heathen Roman lorded it in Jerusalem; while, in Galilee, a half-Jew, a descendant of the conquered Edomites, possessed the royal state that had been worn by the chosen House of David and the valiant Asmoneans. "But," they had said to each other, "the hour of deliverance is at hand. Our Master, gentle though he seems, is as powerful as he is gentle. Have we not seen him awe by his look the pedantic Scribe and scornful Pharisee? Have we not seen him rule the powers of nature with a word? If human force is needed, are not men in every valley polishing again the antique swords and spears that had rusted with heathen blood since Judas Maccabeus overthrew Nicanor? But what can we want of these, when the Son of David is our leader, and the Lord is on our side?"

Such thoughts were in every faithful heart when the loved and almost worshipped Chief announced his path to be one, not of victory, but of suffering and death. We cannot wonder that the most ardent of his followers protested against the idea. And we perceive now what that protest meant. He would withdraw the Saviour from the course he had chosen, to bid him tread in that which all his adherents had expected him to pursue. He must not be the suffering Redeemer of the world; he must be the earthly deliverer, the conquering King of Israel.

From this suggestion Jesus shrunk. He replied to it with a vehemence which showed that he realized its power. This temptation was no trivial one, to be put aside with scarce an exertion of his will. It was one which called forth, to encounter it, the lofty and holy energy of his soul. The remonstrance of Peter recalled the thought which had been the last and crowning trial in that mysterious scene in the wilderness; and on both occasions was it repelled in the same stern, decisive, impassioned words.

For Jesus knew and dreaded the fascination of that thought. To any other than him, it would have been full of glorious inspiration. It was not only a dream of personal success and renown, though, even in this sense, the aspiration might appear legitimate; for he was descended from the ancient kings of Israel, and the crown to which his ambitious disciple bade him aspire was his own, alike by inherited right and by the literal sense of many an ancient prophecy. But the thought that offered itself for his acceptance looked beyond personal greatness. It was the thought of a people's deliverance, of the vindication of the holy city from heathen domination, the elevation of God's ancient law in the glory of conquest. The memories of former days rose before him, — of Miriam's song of triumph by the border of the Red Sea; of David's reign, extending from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates; of Hezekiah, looking from the rescued towers of Jerusalem upon the desolate camp where the Assyrian invaders had fallen before the angel of the Lord. And should not he, also, if he assumed the office of his nation's deliverer, have heavenly guidance and strength, like those of old? Those supernatural powers, of whose possession he was conscious, and which had been already proved by many a miracle, would not they still be his own when engaged in the same work which had crowned his ancestors with glory? Nor, if he remembered that he was to be the teacher of a pure faith and a lofty morality to all mankind, did this path, which all expected him to pursue, seem ill adapted to lead to such achievement. Would not truth come more impressively from one in an exalted, than from one in a lowly station? Would

his apostles be listened to with less attention when they were also the ambassadors of a monarch ?

Such thoughts came to Jesus, and we should fail to do justice to the power and purity of his soul, if we ascribed his rejection of them to a direct revelation, forbidding him to entertain them. No ; he was "tempted in all points as we are," and it is a part of our temptation that we have to choose between right and wrong for ourselves ; the choice is not made for us, nor the command given in audible tones, so that we cannot but hear it. It was in the desert, in the meditations that followed his baptism, that the Saviour made his choice. Then he deliberately rejected the path of empire and glory for that of lowly toil and self-sacrifice. The remonstrance of Peter brought that earlier conflict freshly to his mind, and conscious how hard had been the trial, and already experiencing the roughness of the path he had chosen, he heard suggested to him a reversal of his choice ; but no, that thought was instantly repelled, and the Holy One remained conqueror even over the temptation of heroic achievement.

Yes, that which was the glory of earth's best and noblest was to Jesus Christ only a temptation. It was the one trial before which his holy spirit seemed to shrink, as if there was a possibility that it might prove too great for him. He had the feelings of a man, of a patriot, and of the descendant of a line of princes ; and as he looked on his oppressed people, he could not but know what they expected at his hands. Should he fulfil that expectation ? Should he call them to arms in the name of the Lord of hosts ? Should he use his wonderful powers, natural and supernatural, for the restoration of their freedom, and then reign over them, not on any usurped throne, but one bestowed alike by ancestral right, heroic achievement, and his people's love ? This was the vision from which Jesus resolutely turned, choosing poverty, rejection, suffering, and death, that thus he might save, not Judea only, but the world. In that highest path of earthly renown, any but himself might blamelessly have trodden ; but his destiny was higher far : to break for all mankind the bondage of sin ;

to deprive of his worst terrors the dark monarch of the grave ; to wear the crown, not of jewels, but of thorns ; to reign, not over subject provinces, but over loving and faithful hearts, even to the end of time.

We had written thus far, and considered our task completed, when we read the article in the March number of the "Christian Examiner," by Rev. E. C. Towne, on "Christianity and Pseudo-Christianity." We recognize there with pleasure, among much from which we differ, a train of thought similar, in many respects, to that which we have here endeavored to present. Mr. Towne contemplates Jesus with the reverence and love due to a great and good Reformer, though not acknowledging him, as we wish he did, as Son of God and Saviour of the world. He perceives with us the greatness of that inward struggle in which Jesus won the victory ; but he places that struggle, not at the beginning, but at the end of his course ; not in the wilderness, but in the Garden of Gethsemane. Up to that time, in Mr. Towne's opinion, Jesus had cherished the hope of temporal success, and a royal Messiahship ; but then, convinced by circumstances that this was not his destiny, he uttered one last agonizing appeal, and then submitted himself entirely to the will of God.

To those who accept the record as substantially correct, it is unnecessary to prove that the Saviour's impending fate was known to him, and his choice respecting it made at a much earlier period than that of the agony in the garden. But supposing Mr. Towne's view to be thus far correct, we would call his attention to the importance of what it implies. Here is one who has, throughout his course, aspired to the destiny and the fame of king, patriot, and sage. He has believed himself chosen of Heaven for this exaltation, as none was ever chosen before. Now he finds that it is all a delusion, and that he must die in torture and in shame. How does he conduct himself ? There is no retraction of his claims, no pleading for mercy from man, no raving of despair. There is one brief, earnest cry for deliverance, if deliverance yet may be, and then, to use Mr. Towne's own words, "he

proved equal to entire self-surrender, and did relinquish, in view of the ignominious cross, his cherished hope of life, surrendering himself entirely to the will of God." From such hope to such disappointment, and that disappointment so endured! And the self-surrender of that hour carried out in the sublime patience and love and forgiveness of the scenes that followed! Our friend declines to receive outward miracles, but here he admits an inward miracle. Will not his own heart respond, as he contemplates it, "Truly, this was the Son of God"?

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

LORD, 'tis the first day of the week!
 The day thy primal work began,
 When first thou badest light to break
 And fit the earth for life of man.

This day — when in a darker night
 Man's moral fall eclipsed his faith —
 Came immortality to light,
 And Jesus triumphed over death.

Yet darkness is not all dispersed,
 Still night and sin divide the day;
 And now we need, Lord, as at first,
 The light — thy Spirit's living ray!

Work like thyself, creative Power!
 Breathe forth thy fiat as of yore!
 Let there be light this sacred hour, —
 Light in the soul for evermore!

Between the cherubim shine forth!
 And let the Spirit's radiant flood
 With sacred splendor light the earth
 And bless the Israel of God!

R. F. F.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

"The New Englander," published at New Haven, is the organ of that type of orthodoxy which is known as the Connecticut School, and its editors and chief contributors are connected with Yale College. The January number is filled with scholarly articles, which have a fresh and independent air, though, perhaps, more secular and less theological than usual. Prof. Fisher writes on "The Temporal Power of the Pope;" Prof. Whitney, on "The Value of Linguistic Science to Ethnology;" President Wolsey, on "Divorce among the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans;" Dr. Bacon reviews an "Article on Conversion" in the "Catholic World;" and there are other articles on the "Sanitary Commission," on the "Insurrection in Jamaica," and on "Southern Regeneration." The history and present prospects of the Pope's temporal power are rapidly sketched, the subject being timely, if not treated with much originality. The timid and reactionary sentiments of Guizot are stated at length in the following paragraph: "Most Protestant Christians sympathize with the progress of the Italian kingdom, and hope to see the Pope lose his temporal power. This is not true of all, however; and among the dissenters from the popular view is the illustrious scholar and statesman Guizot. The publication, during the present year, of the fourth edition of his remarks on 'The Christian Church and Christian Society in 1861' indicates that his opinions on this question since that time have not changed. At the foundation of his interesting discussion is the proposition that every blow struck at one of the great churches is a blow struck at all and at Christianity itself. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant have adversaries in common, who are far more distant from both than the Catholic and Protestant are from one another. The Catholic and Protestant profess the same Christian faith, important as the points of disagreement are between them. The adversaries attack this faith, and their attacks at the present day are mischievous and formidable. It is, therefore, suicidal, as well as wrong, for Protestants to join hands with indifferentism and irreligion for the sake of weakening their ancient theological antagonist. Guizot proceeds to argue that the temporal kingdom of the Pope cannot be wrested from him without a violation of international

law and public morality. He sees in the authority which it has become fashionable in France to concede to 'universal suffrage' the rising of a new despotism which is held to be stronger than the obligations of treaties and the settled principles of international right. Moreover, the attack on the Pope's temporal kingdom he considers an infringement of religious liberty. The temporal power is the condition of the exercise of the spiritual. It is the guarantee of the independence of the Papal office. The great body of the Catholics so regard it. The temporal power grew up in connection with the spiritual, as a part and a fruit of the latter. Besides, he thinks that the policy of the Italian kingdom is principally dictated by political ambition. If the Pope be driven from Rome, Guizot thinks that this event will not give more than a momentary success to the Italian movement. The Roman Catholic population, the world over, will be roused to a sense of the injury done to their chief, and thus, indirectly, to themselves. The consequence will be that wide-spread and increasing agitation will lead to positive measures for the restoration of the Pope to his rightful throne."

It seems to be a great misfortune to some men to live to extreme old age, at least so we have thought when reading the late utterances of Guizot and Lord Brougham. *Quanto mutati ab illis!* Prof. Fisher seems to draw it very mild when he says, in reply to the above, "We must confess ourselves not convinced by this reasoning. The fact is obvious, that the Papal civil administration is not only distasteful to the subjects of it, but is extremely bad,—inherently bad. It is a fact equally obvious that the condition of Italy, partly in consequence of the Papal kingdom, has been deplorable. The discontent of the people is owing to misgovernment. So we cannot but think that their desire to become a nation is legitimate and laudable." This faint criticism leads us to think that the writer's respect for the venerable French scholar toned down the natural sentiments of his heart.

Dr. Bacon notices the statements of the Roman Catholics in regard to the great number of converts, and thinks that the number of those in the United States who have gone out from that connection is far greater than the number who have been drawn into it. His testimony is so decided and emphatic that we must quote it in his own words: "Our acquaintance, direct and indirect, with the ministry of the Congregational churches in the United

States, and with the Presbyterian clergy, — Old School and New School, — is not very limited. We have long been on terms of friendly intercourse with Baptist and Methodist ministers, and have watched with some care the various directions in which the progress of thought and inquiry among them seems to be tending. From a date as early as the publication of the Oxford Tracts, we have been observing the natural history, if we have not explored the philosophy, of clerical conversion or perversion to Romanism. But in all our memory, we find no instance of that phenomenon occurring in any one of those four great Protestant bodies. We have known instances of young ministers, or candidates for the ministry, or theological students, going over into the Protestant Episcopal Church, and then, after a sufficient course of Tractarianism, passing on to Rome. But all such instances are among the 'forty-one clergymen of the American Episcopal Church,' whom our philosopher counts up as converts, himself evidently being one of them; and certainly he cannot expect to strengthen his argument, or to illustrate his philosophy of conversion, by counting them twice."

Among the editorial book-notices in this number of "The New Englander," we find a short sentence which we were glad to read: "The whole subject of public worship is now engaging the attention of not a few thoughtful minds in the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. It must be considered anew, and it should be considered with candor. We hope to offer to our readers, before long, an essay, or series of essays, on this subject." We may add to this the expression of our hope that all denominations will consider wisely the question whether our existing modes of public worship, the growth of other times, are suited to the wants of this age.

"The Radical," the new Boston monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of that school in theology which takes this name, has, in the January number (the fifth published), an article on "American Religion," by Mr. Samuel Johnson, who thinks "that America is destined to deal as radically with the religious traditions as it is now dealing with the political." He passes in review the various sects to define their position and prospects. He calls "the Episcopal Church the Receiving Tomb in the cemetery of dead beliefs." "Unitarianism has cut loose from the barbarism of Calvin; but it cannot hold the future within its halting Christol-

ogy, just neither to the Human nor the Divine, its sliding scales between radical distinctions, its rehabilitations of the old official phraseology with meanings that rob it of excuse for continuance in being." "Neither Calvinist scheme nor Methodist sentiment can mortgage the free spirit of the future." Spiritualism is only "a momentary leverage for multitudes of feet that are making the best escape they can out of the quicksands of the old theology." Romanism "is the true logical opposite of the American Religious idea," but it owes its growth chiefly, as he thinks, to its benevolent movements and institutions, and these must soon "undermine its traditional dogma and discipline," "and so we have the guarantee of its coming fall into the mighty current that sets towards spiritual freedom." Even Judaism, he thinks, is not hopeless; for the old anticipations of a personal Messiah are fast losing their hold, "and there are signs of a convergence with the Radicalism into which American Christendom is advancing," the point of union being to regard "Jesus as a pure, devout Hebrew, and in no sense an official Mediator or Redeemer." It is refreshing to mark the assurance of this writer. No Jacob Boehm or Dr. Cummings or Joe Smith ever excelled him. "Everywhere the solvent is at work; everywhere disintegration, floating fragments, tentative combinations of elements once mutually hostile or unknown; a transitional conglomerate; a syncretism in art and faith, not always edifying, indeed, to taste or piety, but, at least, full of the promise of a life hitherto unimagined on the earth." Religion is to be "itself new-born." "The signs are all one way." The movement is already "too large to be managed." "The new relations are combining all human forces for a faith heretofore impossible." "The spark that flies from the collision of mineral and metal is a nobler vitality than either. The chemical compound is more than a compound, it is a fresh substance, quick with new qualities and powers, no mere summing up of the old constituents. So these spiritual dynamics are the conditions for an influx of new divine fires. There cannot but be at hand a fresh word of God, a morning, a spring-day of the spirit; no mere repetition of old experiences." In the sort of bewilderment produced by all this display of rhetorical pyrotechnics, we have looked for the mention of some specific, practical ends to be promoted by the coming Avatar, and we find three named. "It will not be long before Sunday reading-rooms will be a feature of our West-

ern cities." There will be no such thing as an "exceptional and exclusive devotion called the Lord's Supper." There will be for the popular heart a true worship, which hitherto has been "a failure in America."

The same number of this periodical has the paper read by Mr. Bartol, of Boston, at a meeting of radical friends. By adopting the article affirming faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Bartol thinks "we have a fetish now regularly installed in the Unitarian Church:" and it is "a deplorable precipitate from the so long muddled solution of Unitarian Theology." He thinks that "Christ is but a flagrant instance of what unfolds in countless patterns;" and to exalt his lordship "is to exalt the by-law of his head-mastery for the whole constitution, in a disproportion that hurts truth, tempts strong minds to hypocrisy, and weak ones to cant, makes the tongue tremble in doubt of its own veracity, jars on the ear with an idolatrous exaggeration, and becomes a bald monotony even as a battle-cry." In a series of questions, to be understood as poetry or logic, he asks, "Did Christ impersonate his Father? There are many *dramatis personæ*, though he be the principal, in that wonderful play. Was he the Incarnation? But is *your* flesh atheistic? Then we need no Schopenhauer to teach pessimism, or Carl Vogt to laugh at the notion of a spirit." Mr. Bartol playfully called his paper "kindling stuff to start the fire." Perhaps it has kindled other and wider flames than he intended.

"The Universalist Quarterly," for January, has a translation from the German of Tischendorf, on the question, "When were our Gospels written?" That distinguished biblical scholar puts forth his reasons for believing that the Gospels were in general esteem among the first Christians at an earlier period than has been commonly assumed. He thinks that everything impels us to conclude that these narratives were well known and honored "at the close of the first century. That was the time when, with the death of the aged John, all the holy men who had personally known the Saviour had departed, and the young Church was left without a rallying point,—a time when the Church, scattered throughout the world, saw its faith persecuted from without as a foolish delusion, and threatened from within by the heretical teachers. Then they consecrated and prized the works of the apostles as a precious, imperishable legacy, as authentic witnesses of the life of the Sav-

iour, as the highest rule of faith and life." The proof of this point, he regards as "one of the most important and certain of the results of my labors in this department of criticism;" and referring to the speculations of sceptical writers, he says, "Do not suffer yourself to be led astray by the clamor that is raised on every hand. Hold so much the more firmly to what you have, the more, others attempt to wrest it from you. Do not think we are solicitous about the final victory of the truth. One stands pledged for this victory, before whom all the power of the world is feeble." There is also an article in this same number in review of Renan's "Apostles," which it calls the most remarkable book of the present half-century, and of great value for the secular information it gives, particularly on the condition of society at the time of the advent of the Redeemer; while the writer, on the other hand, accuses Renan of a want of fairness in historic and scientific criticism, illustrating his point by reviewing the French scholar's account of the resurrection of Christ, which he thinks is marked by subterfuge and weakness.

The "New Church Monthly," published at Philadelphia, is the organ of those of the Swedenborgians who adopt the church polity "known as the congregational, which recognizes the official equality of all ministers, and the right of every company of Christian believers to form themselves into a church, govern themselves in their own way, and perform any acts which any church may perform." The leading article in the February number is on "Our Invisible Associates," and describes "the denizens of the spiritual world," which the writer thinks are organized into two great classes,—a heaven of angels and a hell of devils;" but the angels "all together constitute one man or angel of stupendous proportions, and who actually appear before the Lord as a single man;" as also "the societies of devils are all united, so that together they constitute one great and inhuman monster or devil, called in Scripture, 'the Devil.'" This article is written by B. F. B., initials which some of our readers will recognize, while they will see that the writer is still persistent and industrious in the line of thought he early chose.

The "Watchman and Reflector," in a notice of the death of N. P. Willis, says, "His literary history is to us a very sad one. Gifted with fine talents, and once standing in a high place among American authors, he has been almost unknown in later years,

and will be quite forgotten a half-century hence. Laying aside the profounder religious convictions of his Puritan home, which had found utterance in Scripture poems, he became a cosmopolitan traveller, and dedicated his life to the amusement of the fashionable world. He has been for a quarter of a century a sort of Horace Walpole in American society, noting and recording the gayeties and follies of the passing hour. He was a prince of triflers, a favorite writer in the circles that read only to be amused. Good-natured in his comments on society, with a pleasant vein of humor, a large share of worldly wisdom, and a great gift at word-painting, he has been admired by many in youth who have outgrown his influence, and looked back in surprise at their former infatuation. One cannot but feel that his fine talents have been wasted, and his life spent to but little purpose. One of New England birth and training ought to have been governed by higher views of life. He ought not only to have made his mark on his generation, but have left some work for posterity worthy of his powers. But he deliberately chose a life of fashionable frivolity, and weakened his powers and lowered his aims, and failed to achieve anything of importance for human good, or for his own permanent fame."

"The Universalist," in a recent number, writing on the inexhaustible wisdom in the New Testament, has the following paragraph, which seems to us good both in thought and expression: "It is a common remark of careful students of the New Testament that it has the peculiarity of never revealing all its meaning. It always keeps something in reserve for the next reading. It has a kind of infinity in its depths, to the bottom of which no human plummet will go. The best minds read it to find it growing upon them continually. Old men, learned in science, history, literature, who have studied it all their days, find it still fresh with new visions of truth. It grows with our spiritual growth, and expands with our expanding vision. We cannot out-study it, or outgrow it. Rise high as we will, it rises above us; go far as we may, it goes before us. It meets our wants in every condition of spiritual growth. When we are children, it serves us in its simple lessons of duty; when we become adults, it points us onward with its unerring finger of truth. If we become philosophers, it enriches our philosophy with its profounder wisdom; and if we attain to human greatness, it proves itself greater than anything we have

conceived. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the wondrous things it always keeps in reserve for those who read it with teachable and reverent minds. Why is it so? Who can tell? The fact stands confessed by millions of its careful and devout readers. Who will explain the marvel or miracle? Is a new power given to the words of the Christian revelation? or is there an intelligent spirit back of them surcharging them continually with a new meaning? or is it the Holy Spirit in the reader, lifting him to new heights of observation? or is the revelation itself a living magnet, drawing perpetually richer flashes of the fire of heavenly truth from the cloud of witnesses ever overshadowing it? There is a mystery in the fact, before which many reverent disciples pause and wonder, and wait prayerfully for an explanation. So we will wait, and read still, and learn, till in the higher world the cloud is lifted from our now partially obscured vision of spiritual things."

The munificent gift of one hundred thousand dollars, from an affluent Episcopalian, to found a Theological School at Cambridge, will probably bring up for fresh discussion, the subject of having a Theological Department in Harvard College, the professors of which shall be eminent scholars of various denominations. The thoughts of many in the Methodist Church and in the Episcopal Church are now turned to consider the practicability of this plan, which may be extended to include Baptists, Orthodox, Universalists, Roman Catholics,—all denominations, in fact, who will sustain a learned representative of their faith in Cambridge, it being understood that the students may avail themselves of the lectures and instructions of such as they may prefer, and have beside all the intellectual advantages which Cambridge now supplies. The enlarged, liberalizing influence of such an arrangement, and the fresh impulse it would give to the study of theology, must be obvious at once.

On the subject of "Corrupting Amusements in the Church," the New York "Methodist" says, "We have reached a crisis of prosperity and wealth in our religious community where this besetment becomes, we think, our principal moral peril; where it must be effectively arrested, or it may determine our future character as a truly spiritual, earnest Church, or a morally fallen sect. Not a few of our people are gradually and practically tending towards the opera, the theatre, the social if not the public dance. Many of them are otherwise excellent people, families of culture, of

generous interest in our denominational welfare, liberal, unexceptionable in all other respects, misled in this one respect by perhaps, casual influences, and because the special Christian logic applicable to the facts is not clearly presented to their consciences. To tell them that the dance is invariably a sin will not do. The graceful motion, the healthful exercise, the recreation of this pastime in their social gatherings, are to them facts intuitively recognized, — recognized not to be, *per se*, sinful. To say to them that the drama or the opera is criminal, and only criminal, will not do. 'Hamlet,' they know to be a salutary and sublime dramatic lesson. Good music, they know, must be approved by a good conscience. This narrow-minded construction of the case, we repeat, will not suffice; rather than this, we had better say nothing on the subject." The writer proceeds to set forth what he thinks is an answer "fully applicable to this problem." It is the saying of St. Paul, that he would eat no meat if it made his brother to offend. We entirely agree with him in his estimate of the noble spirit which the apostle's words breathe, but we may differ with him as to the influence which this example is likely to have over the class of persons referred to, who, we think, would be greatly benefited if the Church would wisely rectify its lines between artificial and real sins.

A Russian chapel has lately been built in Geneva, on a conspicuous eminence near the city, a gift to the chapel from liberal citizens, and the golden dome of the church, as it is said, may be seen at a distance of twenty miles. At the dedication, a large representation of Protestant ministers was present, and words of kindness and good-will were heard, such as should mark the intercourse of different sects with each other. The Russian arch-priest addressed the assembly in these words: "Dear friends and brethren of Geneva, we owe this sanctuary to you in two ways; for we owe it firstly to the full and perfect religious liberty which reigns among you, and then to the present you have made us of the site on which we have raised it to the glory of God, our common Father. Believe me, you will never have to repent hereof. We will respect your faith as you respect ours; we have in our hands no weapons of any kind to trench upon the domain of your conscience. Living among you, we will pray for you, as we hope you will pray for us. And to you and to your good town and your beautiful country, may peace be granted to abide with you."

In Mr. Alger's book on "Solitude," we find the following sentence: "The Sahara-spirit and Simoon-career of Attila, the schemes revolving in the colossal brain of Mirabeau, the Titanic aloofness and pessimism of Schopenhauer, the oceanic soul of Spinoza ringed only by the All and calmly heaving forever, are more appalling, more suggestive of the infinite, than any material bulks, abysses, or wildernesses. Is it a terrible chasm in which the sprinkled ranks of the galaxy are hung? What, then, is the lonely mystery of the mind in whose meditations the spectral infinitude of astronomy lies like a filmy dot?" The word *joy* is quite commonplace, and so Mr. Alger uses the following instead: "The ecstatic equilibrium of the constituents of consciousness."

We see that the author of the above has lately published an article on the "Duties of One who writes for the Public."

THE CHILD AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In that little room of thine,
 Sweet sleep has come to thee;
 Ah! mother, dearest mother mine!
 Oh! call me to that room of thine,
 Oh! shut it not from me.

I would so gladly be with thee,
 And be thy child again;
 'Tis cold and stormy here with me,
 'Tis warm, and oh! so still with thee.
 Ah! let me, let me in!

Thou took'st me gladly once with thee,
 So gladly held my hand;
 Oh! see, thou hast forsaken me,
 Take me this time again with thee,
 Into the heavenly land.

E. L. F.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE HOME SANITARY COMMISSION.

"Its banner bears the single line
'Our duty is to save.'"

"Out of health!" Gay, active, bustling, healthy reader, did you ever stop to consider what this word — *out of health* — signifies? I do not mean, do you know what it is to have a headache or a fever. Very likely you have passed through both these experiences, and have, according to present appearances, come out fresh as ever; perhaps, in the latter case, fresher; for who has not often heard the remark, "His general health is a great deal better than before his fever"? Happy mortal! since whatever contributes to the soundness of general health should be considered, at least in its results, a blessing. Ask any invalid, — say a confirmed dyspeptic or one confined to house or bed by some wearing, dispiriting affection of the nerves, — ask such, if one sharp, concentrated prostration of the system, such as occurs in fever, could purchase for them the after-boon of confirmed health, whether they would be willing to pay the price. Not one in a hundred but would answer, Yes. Welcome, they would say, *welcome* the quick prostration, the violent, throbbing pulse, the burning thirst, the long days of weakness and pain and the longer nights of weariness and watching, if, coming at length to an end, they but herald the rosy promise, the bright hope, so long since abandoned, of approaching health, the advent of deliverance from the slow torture of their years and years of previous suffering, so fitly represented by the words, — on everybody's lips, and yet so little realized in their full significance, — "out of health."

Out of money, — out of wood, — out of work, — all these are very sad contingencies; yet we can grasp their meaning. We know just what a man means when he says he is out of work or out of money. We pity such a one. We cannot help it. He must be relieved immediately. He has a family dependent upon him. One and another bestir themselves to get him a clerkship or a place in the factory or machine-shop; or, if nothing better

offers, to secure him a job of wood-sawing or gardening. And this is well. But for the poor invalid, — “out of health,” — what good Samaritan comes to him with the oil and wine of pitying relief, and, “setting him on his own beast,” — beautiful imagery of sympathy and helpfulness! — brings him to some wayside inn of healing and repose, saying, “Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee”?

But it will be said, “Such kind of aid is impossible. We can help the unfortunate to money and work, but to restore the sick, — only God and the physicians can do that.” True: and therefore give them of what you *are* able to bestow. Consider: are there no “feeble folk” in your circle of acquaintances whom you can benefit, — at least, by sympathy and a thoughtful regard to their comfort, socially or otherwise? You are going out to-day in your carriage for an airing. Call round to Graves End Court, and ask Mrs. Dying-By-Inches to accompany you. A taste of the fresh air is what she is longing for, but she is nervous about “stable horses,” and, moreover, “husband” is too driven by business just now to go with her, or too poor, perhaps, to provide her the luxury of a drive. Or, you have just laid a healthy, readable book upon your library table. You have enjoyed its perusal exceedingly. Supposing you take it over to Miss Dolorous Morbid, to while away a few hours of her melancholy, nervous existence, and help her bear life to one day’s extent, at least. Perhaps you have neither carriages nor books, but are of a social turn. Then go, with all your sunny exuberance of life and spirits, and, with gentle sympathy and tender, unbustling mien, give of your abundance of healthy vitality to that poor wreck of humanity, old Mrs. Palsy Stroke, shut up in her chamber for years, confined to one spot, perhaps, and as utterly dependent upon others for every daily comfort as your own little baby whom you laid so tenderly and lovingly in its crib this morning before you came away.

Oh, you do not know what a gulf of difference lies between your healthy, bright, cheerful existence and the morbid, miserable life of such! You cannot. God grant you never may! But you can guess, in part, what it would be to lose all your beautiful, healthful, normal sensations; to feel, in place of strong, exuberant life, the depression, the loneliness, the morbid weakness, the nervous terrors, of invalidism. And let your gratitude for a happier fate impel you to do whatever lies in your power to amel-

iorate the condition of such hapless ones. By small attentions, by thoughtful plans of amusement and recreation, by the electric transfusion, through social intercourse, of your own superabundant vitality, you may charm many an hour in the dark chamber of sickness, call a happy, if not healthful, glow to many a faded cheek and sunken eye, and, moreover, call down upon your own soul the sweet commendation, — sweeter than any the Master ever spoke, — “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

C. A. M.

“OUR FATHER.”

The following interesting little narrative is translated from the introductory chapter of Aime Martin's Treatise on the Education of Mothers. May it awaken the attention of our young readers to the rich treasures of instruction and consolation contained in the familiar words, “Our Father who art in heaven,” and correct the thoughtless carelessness with which they too often repeat them as an unmeaning form.

I WAS residing in the pleasant village of Chateaufort, about two leagues from Versailles. At the bottom of the valley on the left, is still seen an elegant mansion, so fortunately situated that the woods, the hills, the pastures, and the hamlets which surround it seem the natural appendages of its parks and gardens. At the side of this mansion, a little above the brook, is the village school-house, pleasantly shaded and constructed upon a model only to be found in the romances of Augustus Lafontaine; in front is a hedge surmounted by a mill, erected, as it were, to please the eye and delight the painter; then a little chapel, where rests, beneath a modest tree, the lady of the place, who died in the flower of her age, but whose piety and beauty have left a long remembrance. This group of trees, houses, and pavilions, with two Gothic turrets appearing in the wood, form an exquisite point of view in the midst of the most profound solitude; for the road is tracked only by the heavy wagons of wood-carriers, and the feet of the flocks, which, toward the end of autumn, enliven the valley.

Every Sunday, summoned by the chapel bell, I went thither to hear mass. It was a beautiful sight to view the peasant women in their simple attire, proceeding at the same hour, and from all points of the valley, across the meadow; I say the peasant *women*,

for in the hamlets it is the women only who go to church. It happened however, sometimes, that I had a companion. This was a venerable man whose ardent and ingenuous piety I was never weary of admiring. Notwithstanding his coarse apparel and a certain air of indigence, his whole person expressed tranquillity, and, by an inexplicable charm, in proportion as I contemplated him, this tranquillity extended from his soul to mine. My curiosity was excited by thus meeting this man; I inquired concerning him, and soon learned that he lived on public charity. I was told that at an advanced age, he had lost two brave youths who should have been his support; one of them died at Beresina, and the other at Waterloo, while their mother did not long survive them. Excited by this account, I accosted him, at the same time presenting him with a small donation. "You need," said I to him, "a warmer coat; the winter will be rough, and you should think of it a little beforehand." He raised his eyes toward me; his look was serene. "And why need I think of it," said he in a feeling tone, "since God has put a care for me into the hearts of good people?"

Here is a man, said I to myself, quite contented. I must inquire into the occupations of his life, and the extent of his ideas.

"Can you read?" said I to him.

"Yes, sir. In my youth I received lessons from the curate, a very excellent man who took pleasure in instructing children."

"And have you any books?"

"Oh! at my age we read no more; we pray."

"Do you then pray often?"

"It is a great happiness to pray. In the evening seated at the door of my poor hut, which you see down there under the chestnut-trees, I behold the setting sun, and I say 'Our Father!'"

"And is that all your prayer?"

"Is there any which can better fill the heart? 'Our Father.' Frequently, after having uttered these words, I pause and view the flocks returning from the fields to give us their milk; I gaze on the sun which rises and sets over the valley, and I bless his warmth which causes the grass to grow in our meadows, the fruit on our trees, and the corn in our fields. Oh, I feel indeed that my prayer is true, and I have only to think every evening upon these words,—Our Father."

"And what do you do in bad weather?"

"I look up to the sky; I see those vast clouds which traverse it, coming from I know not whence, driven by the wind, careering without noise, and like watering-pots pouring the rain here and there upon the plains, which resume their verdure and give us bread, butter, and honey in due proportions, precisely as if God himself placed them in our hands. Ah! Our Father who art in heaven, thou wilt live forever. Men cannot put thee to death as they did my poor children."

Thus speaking, the old man's eyes filled with tears; his head reclined, and I heard him softly murmuring some words, as if he were continuing his prayer.

"My poor Bertrand," he resumed, after a moment's silence, "he was the youngest, and he died at Waterloo, shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' Ah! if he had cried, 'Our Father who art in heaven!' perhaps he might have been living still; and my poor wife, who so soon followed him, I might not have lost her! But it was the will of our Father; and I bless him," added he, drying his eyes, "for he has supplied the place of my children with good people."

"You are too solitary in the depths of the valley; you ought to draw a little nearer to the village."

"Alas!" he replied, "I cannot quit my house; there I saw my children born, and there their mother died; besides, as our curate says, he who can converse with God is never alone."

"And are you contented with your lot?"

"How should I be otherwise? God has never forsaken me."

"Oh, you deserve to be so still more, excellent man," I cried. "Here, take this money and pray for me,—for me, who am subjected to fewer trials, but who may not presume to call myself as happy as you."

"Should we then pray for money?" asked he with emotion; and with a trembling hand he put back the gift which I wished to present to him.

I felt that I had wounded him.

"Forgive me," I said to him. "I wished, like all worldly people, to make a selfish present. But I acknowledge my fault, and I shall know how to repair it."

While thus speaking, I seized his pious hand, which I kissed with holy reverence. I then withdrew, with my heart full of all I had just been hearing.

I had gone only a few steps, when he cried, "I will pray to God for you, and also for your little children, if you have any not yet old enough to know how to pray."

It is related of the celebrated astronomer, Tyco Brahe, that one night on leaving his observatory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which filled the public square. Upon inquiring into the cause of so great a concourse, they pointed out to him in the constellation of Cygnus, a brilliant star, which he, aided by the best telescopes, had never perceived. Such are the accidents which humble the learned and promote science. My situation closely resembled that of the great astronomer. A simple peasant had just pointed out to me the star which I had been vainly seeking for many years. The example of this old man, happy in his misfortunes, calm in his afflictions, had conducted me to the Source of good and evil.

L. O.

WORDS FOR THE SEASON.

STORMY SUNDAYS.

WE read the other day of a minister who gave out a notice of the omission of the evening service as follows:—

"As the weather threatens to be so unpleasant as to make it impossible for any *except females* to be out, the usual evening lecture will be omitted."

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

How much longer is it good Christian economy to keep open a large church and retain a clergyman and choir for a congregation of less than a hundred persons? Can we not put the minister to better use and send the choir to sing to the sick folk in some hospital? Charles II. apologized to his attendants with his habitual politeness for being such an unconscionable long while in dying; is it not time for the Afternoon Service to utter some such apologetic word, or is it to pass into its swan song of vesper music, and so cease?

E.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Jesus, according to his Original Biographers, with Notes. By EDMUND KIRKE. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The occasion of this volume and the method of its formation are thus described by the author: "Some years since, to obtain a more connected view of the life of Christ than can be gained by a separate reading of the four evangelists, the writer made for his private perusal a monotessaron of the Four Gospels, arranging them so as to relate the same event only once, but to include all the teachings and all the historical circumstances in one miniature."

Subsequent investigation showed the author where some defects in his work could be remedied; but in this way he obtained a vivid idea of the daily life of the Saviour, and he "could almost see him walking the roads and sitting by the lake shore of Galilee."

The book is a new harmony of the Gospels, not in the language of our common version, but in a more free translation, sometimes with slight paraphrase, and with notes of illustration. It is not designed for scholars, but for popular readers, and answers its purpose excellently well. The notes are well selected and always help the reader to a better understanding of the text. It makes a neat volume of 297 pages. s.

Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, LL. D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This work is in the same field as those of George P. Marsh and Max Muller and French's charming little volume on the "Study of Words." It is very scholarly and cannot fail to interest those who love to study the origin and structure of our language with a view to a better understanding of its inner life. In Chapter Second on "English Relations," the author describes the three great parent languages, not resolvable into each other nor traceable to a

common origin, and in what line of descent our English language belongs.

"Our researches point all to the one great fact, that if we set aside the comparatively unexplored territories of American and African idioms, together with the Chinese, there are, in the whole kingdom of speech, but three grammatical families to which every known dialect can be referred with unerring certainty. Each of these families bears its own distinctive marks so clearly defined that there is no mingling between them, no possibility of mistaking the allegiance of even the latest descendants. The white, the red, and the black races are not more strikingly different from each other in color and character than the Shemitic, the Aryan, and the nomadic Turanian families of languages. With the first and the last of these groups our English has nothing in common."

S.

Hymns for Lent. A neat little volume has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title "Hymns for every Day in Lent." The selections are choice and made with excellent taste, and many of the hymns may be read over and over after Lent has passed. The volume opens with "Dies Iræ" and concludes with a hymn for Easter. Among favorite writers, are the names of Miss Proctor and Miss Waring.

S.

The Genius of Solitude. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This charming volume is destined to a wide circulation both on account of the nature of the subjects treated and the fascinations of style. The subjects are vastly congenial with Mr. Alger's taste and genius, and he has entered into them *con-amore*. He treats of the solitudes of nature, the solitudes of man, the morals and dangers of solitude, and he gives sketches of great lives which on account of their isolation have been solitary. These are drawn with great skill. We must make exception of the last, the sketch of the life of Jesus, into which Mr. Alger puts his peculiar theology. The solitude of Jesus is a great and exhaustless theme and might be kept clear of polemics, and we wish Mr. Alger could have conscientiously done this, which would have given his beautiful volume an unrestricted range through the world, and a free entrance into all libraries.

S.

The American Unitarian Association put us under new obligations in the issue of two more volumes of Dr. Noyes' incomparable translations. They give us now the third edition of the "Translation of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles," and the "Translation of the Psalms and Proverbs." Both these volumes were out of print. These, with the other translations of Dr. Noyes, ought to be in every family who care about reading their Bibles intelligently, and lovingly and not blindly in mechanical routine. s.

Joubert's Thoughts. Translated by George H. Calvert, preceded by a notice of Joubert, by the translator. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Who was Joubert? A Frenchman born in 1754 in a small town of Perigord, educated at the college of Toulouse, went to Paris in 1778, passed unscathed through the ordeal of French philosophism, retired in 1792 to Villeneuve in Burgundy, survived the Reign of Terror, was appointed one of the Regents of the University in 1809, and died in 1824. He published nothing, but was a close thinker and student and an excellent talker. He left pencil notes, and from these after his death his friends and admirers made selections, and these are the "Thoughts" of Joubert. "With him" says his critic "words and sentences make a transparent plate-glass, which lets in a world of light and landscape, itself invisible." They are pithy sayings and apothegms on a wide range of subjects, philosophical and religious, stimulating thought and imagination by flashes of light. s.

The Restoration of Belief, by Isaac Taylor, is a treatise full of the author's robust English vigor, just republished by E. P. Dutton. Those who are acquainted with "Saturday Evening," the histories of "Enthusiasm" and "Fanaticism," "Physical Theory of Another Life," and "Ancient Christianity" will not fail to read "The Restoration of Belief." It has all the writer's individuality, always stimulating thought, whether you agree with him or not, and sometimes opening whole provinces of inquiry where you feel compelled at least to follow his lead. The present treatise, though not professedly a book of "evidences," is really such. He shows the essential *congruity* of the contents of Christianity, the miracles, the teachings, the morality, the history that includes them as belonging to a seamless whole into which no critic can

insert his separating knife. We are ultimately reduced, he thinks, to one of two alternatives, — Christianity or Atheism. An anti-Christian theism has no other than a slippery foothold, which it is sure to lose. The author professes kind feelings towards those who hold opposite views, while he deals destructive blows against them. His learning is ample, and on questions of criticism he never strikes in the dark, while he does not disguise a profound English common-sense contempt for German ballooning in this department. The book is a strong and much needed tonic, and we heartily recommend it. s.

Heaven and Hell from Things heard and seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg.

A new and beautiful edition of this work, newly translated into clear good English, has just been issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., a well-known and enterprising firm of Philadelphia. The translation is a vast improvement upon the former one, published by the Boston New Church printing society, which was stiff, awkward, and sometimes very slovenly. The print and paper are fair and the binding exceedingly elegant.

Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" is one of the golden books. Read this treatise of a little over 400 pages, and you have an epitome of his whole system. The book has never been *popularly* known for the reason that it has never appeared in very readable form, and hence we are exceedingly grateful to the present publishers for this new edition so handsomely got up without and within.

In this Magazine for July, 1862, in an article on the "Progressive Knowledge of the Future Life," we gave an extended exposition of the contents of "Heaven and Hell" comparing Swedenborg's Pneumatology with that of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and showing how vastly Swedenborg rises above them in rational, spiritual, and sublime views of the life after death. The time will come when this treatise will be as much read as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and enter far more vitally into the popular conception of the life to come. The saintly Oberlin read it and preached it, and the late Mrs. Browning, as we happen to know, was vastly delighted with its ideas, and tried to disseminate them among her English friends and gain for them a lodgement within what she called "the husks of the old theology." s.

Thoughts selected from the Writings of Horace Mann. Boston : H. B. Fuller & Co.

It is a little volume of 240 pages neatly printed and elegantly bound, solidly compact with excellent things. The short extracts are brilliants in which Horace Mann's moral genius and noble intellect shine forth. Sometimes the pith of whole sermons is crowded into a paragraph which the reader can lay up for future use. Mr. Mann excelled in the use of metaphor. All he had read, seen, and experienced furnished a treasury of metaphors always at hand. Sometimes they had the double use of giving the reader some new fact in natural science, thus enlarging his knowledge, at the same time giving force and pungency to his thought. Thus he says, "The most precious wine is produced upon the sides of volcanoes. New, bold, and inspiring ideas are only born of a clear head, that stands over a glowing heart." Of his compactness and skill in putting home a great principle, here is a specimen about toleration : "Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago."

Mental discipline is put thus : "Some people's thoughts never take their places one behind another : they attack not with a well-disciplined and compact column, but with a rabble of ideas."

We hope the "Thoughts" will have a large sale, and increase the genuine currency in circulation. s.

Woodburn Grange. A Story of English Country Life. By William Howitt. Three volumes complete in one. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The name of William Howitt will recommend this book to American readers, and they will not be disappointed in it. It is the story of the degeneracy and inward decay of a long line of English aristocracy and its final extinguishment, and the rise of a new one from a family of parish paupers through one who appeared among them with true nobility of soul. Simon Degge, the last of a long line of paupers, becomes the possessor of the noble estate of Sir Roger Rockville, the last of a long line of aristocrats. The power inherent in genius and industry to create their own surroundings and ennoble themselves, and the inability of lands-trappings, lineage, and respectability to perpetuate an aristocracy,

without manhood, is the moral of the story, which is told in a style that wins at once the sympathy and interest of the reader. It is a story, the writer assures us, of decline and rise, of the extinction of old families and the emergence of new ones, constantly going on in England.

S.

Whittier's Tent on the Beach can be found at the New Corner, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Unlike some of our contemporaries, we find more to interest us in this collection of poems than in "Snow Bound," charming as that was and seasonable as it has proved, — indeed, a very Tract (in poetry) for the Times. We recommend the Religious Publication Societies of every name to circulate "Our Master" instead of some of their prose issues.

E.

Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1867.

This volume came late into our hands; but we have read about two thirds of the contents with still increasing interest. The essays are not compact together, like "Ecce Homo," and the calm inquirer sometimes yields to the special pleader and partisan, and the writer will lose something by the comparison which his title will provoke with one of the most famous books of the time; moreover there is an assumption of antagonism between the two authors which is hardly borne out by the facts in the case. Nevertheless, the book is rich in the best Christian thought and a very sensible and very Christian common sense. It bristles here and there to appearance with points of doctrine but these points prove upon trial to be feather edges, after all, and we do not hesitate to say that any one who believes in Christianity at all will be able to join with this writer in his affirmations. His essays are admirably fitted to meet the deepening interest in the old-new gospel, and to help forward the great work of a reconstruction of Christian Belief.

E.

. Several articles and literary notices, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next.